

CHANDAMAMA

MARCH 1991

Rs. 3.00



Turn to Page 16
for "Adventures of
Aarav"

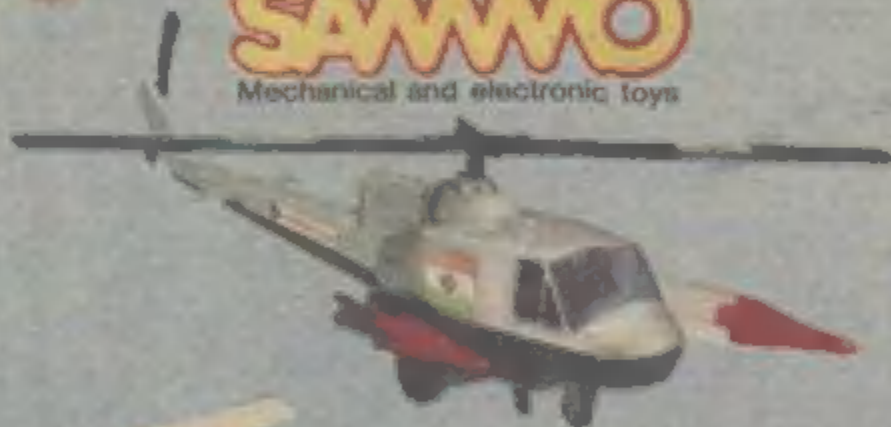


RAMBO IV



No more evil, injustice and crime will be tolerated in this city. The relentless crusader is here. With his famed Zap Gun (the three sound gizmo that's the terror of the underworld) and his fleet of rough 'n tough ready-for-action vehicles — Wrecker, Super Dumper and Fire Engine. And of course, his missile-firing Helicopter. So...breathe easy. The one man army is here.

SAMMO
Mechanical and electronic toys



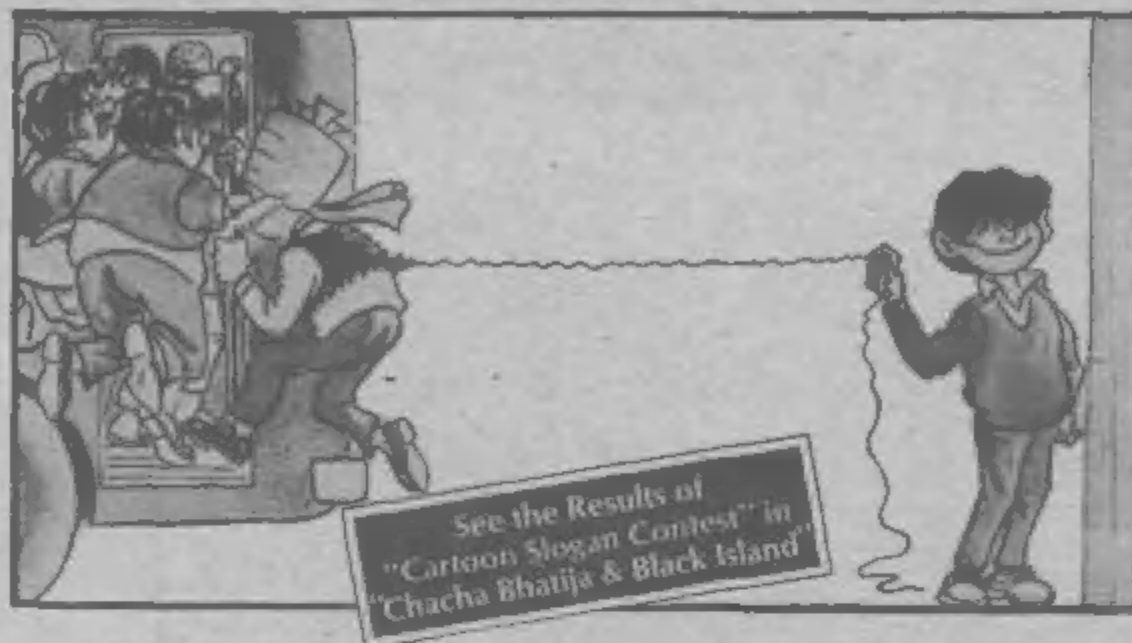
CHANDAMAMA TOYTRONIX

In collaboration with Sammo Corporation, S. Korea

Chandamama Toytronix Private Limited, Chandamama Buildings, 188, 189, 190, Vadapalani, Madras 600 026

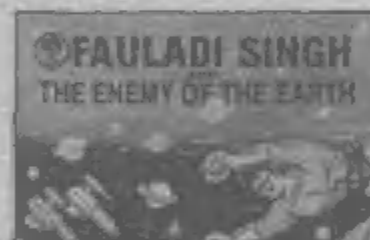
Model M.C.T.P.L. 4003





DIAMOND COMICS

PRESENTS



DIAMOND COMICS DIGEST

Chacha Chaudhary-I
Chacha Chaudhary-II
Chacha Chaudhary-III
Chacha Chaudhary-IV
Chacha Chaudhary-V
Chacha Chaudhary-VI
Chacha Chaudhary-VII
Billoo-I
Billoo-II
Billoo-III
Billoo-IV

Pinki-I
Pinki-II
Pinki-III
Dashavtar
Tenalirama-I
Tenalirama-II
24 Tirhankers of
Jain Dharma
Ramayana
Panchtantra
Shrimad Bhagwat

Jesus Christ
Hanuman Mahima
Phantom-I
Phantom-II
Phantom-III
Phantom-IV
Phantom-V
Phantom-VI
Phantom-VII
Phantom-VIII
Ten Masters

Birbal's Repartee
Birbal's Christmas
Shrimad Bhagwat
Sai Baba of Shirdi
Baital Tales-I
Baital Tales-II
Baital Tales-III
Baital Tales-IV
Baital Tales-V
Baital Tales-VI
Mahabharata

Jatka Tales
Hitopadesh
Singhasan Batist-I
Singhasan Batist-II
Durga Mahima
Ganesh Mahima
Shiv Mahima
Vishnu Mahima
Krishna Leela
Mata Vaishnavi Devi
Dayanand and His Followers



DIAMOND COMICS PVT. LTD.
2715, DARYA GANJ, NEW DELHI-110 002



Statement about ownership of CHANDAMAMA (English)
Rule II (Form VI), Newspapers (Central) Rules, 1956

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Place of Publication | 'CHANDAMAMA BUILDINGS'
188, N.S.K. Salai
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026 |
| 2. Periodicity of Publication | MONTHLY
1st of each calender month |
| 3. Printer's Name | B.V. REDDI |
| <i>Nationality</i> | INDIAN |
| <i>Address</i> | Prasad Process Private Limited
188, N.S.K. Salai
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026 |
| 4. Publisher's Name | B.VISWANATHA REDDI |
| <i>Nationality</i> | INDIAN |
| <i>Address</i> | Chandamama Publications
188, N.S.K. Salai
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026 |
| 5. Editor's Name | B.NAGI REDDI |
| <i>Nationality</i> | INDIAN |
| <i>Address</i> | 'Chandamama Buildings'
188, N.S.K. Salai
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026 |
| 6. Name and Address of
individuals who own the paper | CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS
PARTNERS:
1. Sri B. VENKATRAMA REDDY
2. Sri B.V. NARESH REDDY
3. Sri B.V. SANJAY REDDY
4. Sri B.V. SHARATH REDDY
5. Smt. B. PADMAVATHI
6. Sri B.N. RAJESH REDDY
7. Smt. B. VASUNDHARA
8. Kum. B.L. ARCHANA
9. Kum. B.L. ARADHANA(Minor)
(Minor admitted to the benefits of Partnership)

'Chandamama Buildings'
188, N.S.K. Salai
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026 |

I, B Viswanatha Reddi, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

1st March 1991

B. VISWANATHA REDDI
Signature of the Publisher





If he's up there...

Bet it's for a Parry's sweet



Sweets you'll do anything for

HTA 7713 A



Spot the sweets

There are 11 Parry's sweets in this picture. Can you find them all?



The sweets are Colly Bites, Caramilk, Try-Me, Lacto King, Elaichew, Moon Drop, Tango, Chocolate Eclairs, Coconut Cream, Chocotoff and Pixies.

Play clay



Mix well 1 cup flour, 1/4 cup salt and 1/3 cup water in a bowl with a



wooden spoon (as in figure 1). Press the clay between your fingers to take out lumps (see figure 2). Add a few drops of water if it feels dry

or a bit more flour if it feels mushy. Now you

can make a cat and other small figures with the clay. To store, put it in a plastic bag in the fridge (see figure 3). Let it warm to room temperature before using it again.



Toy raft

To make this you will need: Coloured cardboard, scissors, walnut (accrot) shells, drinking straw or twig, white paper, gum or fevicol and play clay. Here's what you do:



1. To make a raft, paste four walnut shells on to a small cardboard rectangle (as in fig 1).



2. Cut a sail from a piece of white paper.

3. Put a drinking straw or a twig through the sail (as in fig 2).

4. Attach the straw to the raft with a small lump of play clay (as in fig 3). Now float it down a bath tub or stream.



HTA 7713 C



GROWN UP KIDS HAVE MUCH MORE FUN!

With Sudha, naturally!
The fun-filled soft drink concentrate.
In 13 adorable flavours.
And 32 yummy glasses to every pack.
Sip it. You'll love it.



HAVE MORE FUN

SUDHA

SOFT DRINK CONCENTRATE



Marketed by:
Sarda Foods and Flavours, Nashik.

everest/90/SFF/61



Experience a vibrant new energy...



Go Turbo

NEW

Let yourself go with New Campco TURBO. The energy bar enrobed in creamy milk chocolate. Experience a new rush of vigour. A sudden burst of youthful vibrance. Just say Campco and go TURBO.



—the energy chocolate

From India's largest most modern plant Campco Limited Mangalore



R K SWAMY/CJ/8351



Adventures of Kandy Bear

'The Honeycomb'



On a lovely bright day in the Magic Forest, Kandy Bear was feeling hungry.



"I'm in the mood to eat something sweet."



Just then he saw a honeycomb. He smiled, "Ah ha, I shall break this honeycomb and have a good feed."



But before he could strike ... the bees who lived in the honeycomb struck first.



They swarmed around poor Kandy Bear and stung him hard. "Oh, oh," cried Kandy Bear, running away. "Help! Help!"



His friend Piggy heard him and asked, "What's the matter, Kandy Bear?" Kandy Bear told him about trying to get the honey. "How silly you are, Kandy Bear," said Piggy. "Why steal honey when you can have some of my....."



Kwality

Candies & Sweets
"They're delicious!"



CHANDAMAMA

IN THIS ISSUE

Vol. 21 MARCH 1991 No. 9

Stories:

Adventures of Apurva	... Page 19
The Meanest And The Mean	... Page 25
A Matter of Conscience	... Page 29
The Last Move	... Page 30
Kusum's Choice	... Page 41
Three Riddles	... Page 47
Veer Hanuman - 8	... Page 55
One For Five	... Page 63

Picture Stories:

Panchatantra - 3	... Page 14
A Prophecy Fulfilled	... Page 37

Features:

Why Was Israel Attacked?	... Page 12
Supplement—29	... Page 33
World Of Nature	... Page 54
World Of Sport	... Page 62

**And News Flash, Let Us Know
and More!**

NEXT ISSUE

Vol. 21 APRIL 1991 No. 10

KIDNAPPED: An innocent boy. A ferocious gang at work. What can Apurva do? Read in **ADVENTURES OF APURVA**.

More fun and intrigues of the ever-new **PANCHATANTRA** come alive through Bujjal's brush.

World Mythology through pictures—a unique series—and a bunch of stories along with the regular features.

Printed by B.V. REDDI at Prasad Process Private Ltd, 188 N.S.K. Salai, Madras 600 026 (India) and published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI on behalf of CHANDAMAMA PUBLICATIONS, Chandamama Buildings, Vadapalani, Madras 600 026 (India). The stories, articles and designs contained herein are the exclusive property of the publishers and copying or adapting them in any manner will be dealt with according to law.

Controlling Editor:
NAGI REDDI



Founder:
CHAKRAPANI

WAR-YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Wars have been fought since times immemorial. When two camps fight, one emerges victorious and the other one is humbled.

But a war is no longer the same today. Who wins is a small matter; the entire earth is the victim of ■ war. Such dangerous weapons ■■ used today, such thoughtless tactics are applied, that the air, the water, the clouds, the forests—all the wings of Nature ■■■ polluted. Man is obliged to breathe poison, eat and drink contaminated stuff. That is not all. The other innocent inhabitants of the earth, the birds and beasts, suffer for man's conduct.

We are experiencing such ■ war. Let us hope and pray that such terrible events would never be repeated.



WHY WAS ISRAEL ATTACKED?

The war in the Middle East, known as the Gulf War, began because Iraq invaded and occupied an independent neighbouring country, Kuwait. The United Nations asked Iraq to vacate Kuwait. It refused to do so. As a result the combined army of several nations, under the leadership of the U.S.A., declared war against Iraq.

Israel is not one of those countries which have sent their armies against Iraq. Yet, as soon as the war broke out, Iraq attacked Israel through several missiles. Why?

Israel is a nation of the Jews. For hundreds of years the Jews had been deprived of their original homeland, Israel. During the World War II, the plight of the Jews became extremely grave. Millions of them were brutally killed by the Nazis, under Hitler's order. As soon as the war was over, the United Nations sanctioned the establishment of a Jewish State and an Arab State in the land known as Palestine. Their boundaries were defined. The State of Israel was established on 14 May 1948. The very next day its territory was invaded by Egypt, Iraq, Jordan, Lebanon and Syria. The young Israel

fought with unforeseen vigour and not only drove away the attackers, but also captured some of the areas allotted to the Arab State. At the same time Israel also lost an area to Jordan and the Gaza strip to Egypt.

In 1967 Egypt prepared to attack Israel. Jordan and Iraq also were to help Egypt. But before they could do anything, Israel suddenly attacked the territories held by Egypt, Jordan and Syria. In a war that lasted six days, Israel drove the Egyptian army out of the Sinai Peninsula,

captured the Golan Heights from Syria and the West Bank of River Jordan from Jordan.

In the present war, Iraq is not supported by all those countries which are against Israel. In fact most of the countries in the Middle East do not approve of Iraq forcibly occupying Kuwait. But Iraq thinks that if it attacked Israel and Israel hits back, Iraq will benefit by the support of its neighbours who are traditionally opposed to Israel. The war will then take a different turn.



A HUNGRY JACKAL TOO SAW THE RAMS FIGHTING



OH! BLOOD SMELLS FINE



DEVASARMA OH! FOOLISH JACKAL! IT'S CAUGHT BETWEEN CRASHING HEADS AND IS CRUSHED



ASHADHABHUTHII ASHADHABHUTHII



I AM ROBBED! OH MY GOD! MY TREASURE'S GONE



DAMANAKA FINISHES THE STORY

THAT'S HOW THE GREEDY DEVASARMA LOST HIS TREASURE

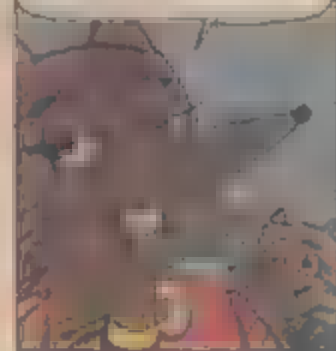


THUS THE GREEDY ALWAYS LOSE AS IS IN THE CASE OF DEVASARMA!



SO, WHAT ARE WE TO DO?

WITH THE HELP OF MY INTELLIGENCE I CAN SEPARATE SANJIVAKA FROM OUR HOME PINGALAKA NOW HEAR THIS ~~STORY~~



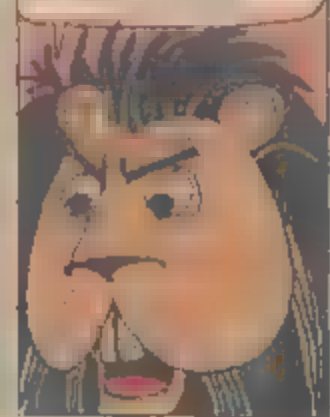
IN A FOREST THERE WAS A LION HAUGHTY AND CRUEL HIS NAME WAS SATWASARA HE KILLED THE ANIMALS MERCILESSLY



OH KING! PLEASE BE MERCIFUL AND GIVE UP THIS KILLING! STAY AT HOME AND WE SHALL ~~BE~~ AN ANIMAL TO YOU EVERYDAY



GRANTED! BUT IF YOU FAIL I WILL KILL YOU ALL!



वाक्ये न केन ब्रह्मामि, यद्वक्तं गन्ध कोटिभिः ।
परापकारः पुण्याय, पापाय पर पीडनम् ॥

EVERY DAY ONE OF THEM APPEARED
BEFORE THE LION FOR HIS DINNER
ONE DAY IT WAS A RABBIT'S TURN



HOW DO I GET RID OF THIS
[REDACTED] I [REDACTED] FIND
OUT A WAY.



AFTER
SOME
TIME

YOU ARE LATE AND TOO
SMALL FOR A MEAL



MASTER, IT'S NEITHER
[REDACTED] FAULT [REDACTED] THE
FAULT OF THE OTHER
ANIMALS



THEY SENT [REDACTED] FIVE OTHER
RABBITS ON OUR WAY A LION
[REDACTED] KILLED FOUR OF US.

SHOW ME THAT SNEAK OF
A LION, I WILL [REDACTED]



THE LION I SAW WAS VERY
POWERFUL PLEASE DO NOT
VENTURE WITHOUT KNOWING
YOUR ENEMY'S STRENGTH



MIND YOUR BUSINESS! SHOW ME
THAT LION



FOLLOW ME, SIR!

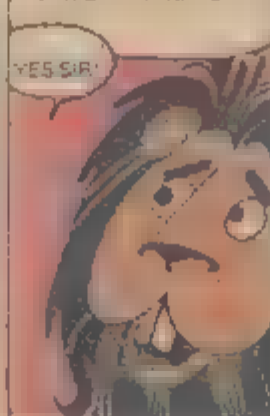


AFTER
SOME
TIME

MASTER, HE IS HERE IN THIS
WELL



HE HAS HIDDEN IN THIS
WELL. EH? HA HA HA



YES SIR!

OH! THERE YOU ARE! I CAN SEE
[REDACTED] I AM [REDACTED] NOW



The essence of innumerable books can
be stated in one sentence: to do good to
others is piety; to harm others is sin.

MY PLAN WORKED THE FOOLISH LION SEES HIS OWN REFLECTION AND BELIEVES IT TO BE HIS RIVAL AHAA!



SPLASH!

I AM COMING

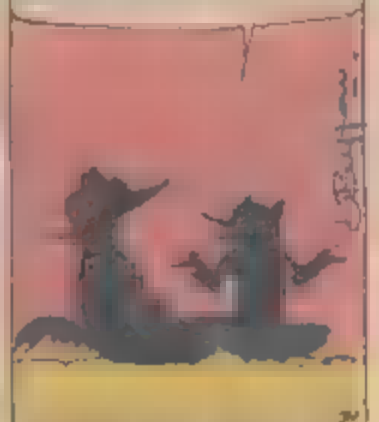


THAT'S HOW THE CLEVER RABBIT GOT RID OF THE LION AND LIVED WITH HIS FRIENDS HAPPILY

INTELLIGENCE IS POWER



BUT THAT MAY BE A RARE CASE



NOT AT ALL A PLAN INTELLIGENTLY WORKED OUT BRINGS SUCCESS..

HOW?



THE STORY OF THE WEAVER WHO MARRIED THE PRINCESS PROVES IT

PLEASE TELL ME THAT STORY



THE STORY OF THE WEAVER

ONCE IN A CITY CALLED IKSHUKAPURA THERE LIVED TWO FRIENDS, A WEAVER AND A CARPENTER



ONE DAY THERE WAS A GREAT FESTIVAL THE PRINCESS WAS GOING TO THE TEMPLE THE WEAVER SAW HER

HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS IF ONLY I COULD MARRY HER



NEXT DAY IN THE WEAVER'S HOUSE

MY FRIEND WHY ARE YOU DEJECTED?



HE TOLD THE CARPENTER WHAT HAD HAPPENED

I HAVE LOST MY HEART TO THE PRINCESS



अथवा न च्छान्नायतः, गुरुच्छान्नायतं तथा,
वीजस्य अन्तर्गतमस्ति, नान्नायतं नान्नायतं ॥

HOW CAN YOU, A COMMON WEAVER WED THE DAUGHTER OF A KING?



MY FRIEND, I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT HER

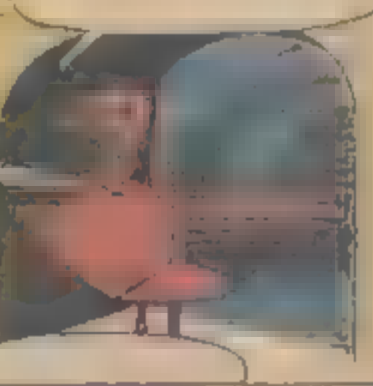
ALRIGHT, DON'T WORRY. MY FRIEND I WILL HELP YOU BE CHEERFUL



A FEW DAYS THE CARPENTER TOOK THE WEAVER TO HIS HOUSE



LOOK! THIS IS A MECHANICAL BIRD - LIKE GARUDA. THIS IS FOR YOU.



MY FRIEND, DRESS YOURSELF AS LORD VISHNU. MOUNT THIS BIRD. TURN THIS LEVER AND DIRECT IT TO THE PALACE



HOW CAN I THANK YOU MY FRIEND!



THAT NIGHT THE WEAVER, DISGUISED AS LORD VISHNU, MOUNTED THE BIRD



EVERYBODY WILL TAKE YOU FOR LORD VISHNU



IN THE APARTMENT OF THE PRINCESS



AM I DREAMING?

THE WEAVER LANDED ON THE TERRACE OF THE PALACE



O LORD! I AM BLESSED BY THY VISIT. WHAT CAN I GET FOR YOU?



YOURSELF



ME?

THEY WERE BOTH HAPPY. THE WEAVER WAS NO LONGER A COMMON WEAVER. HE WAS NOW A KING. THE PRINCESS WAS NO LONGER A COMMON PRINCESS. SHE WAS NOW A QUEEN.

HAND-ME-DOWNS

Miss Z (she would not like her name and address to be revealed) is puzzled over a line her cousin has written from London: "Send me your vital statistics and I will send you a few sets of *hand-me-downs*." She does not know what to expect!

Hand-me-downs is ■ phrase meaning either ready-made clothing or used clothing. Miss Z's cousin, we are sure, means the first. So, Miss Z, you can expect to look colourful.

The phrase is ■ slang. The other slang that refers to clothes is *duds*. Remember, it is always *duds* in this sense, not *dud*, for *dud* means either ■ good-for-nothing fellow or poor imitation.

Pramila Nag of Calcutta would like to know if the expression, "several parrots were talking in the forest" is correct. True, the parrot can talk when they are taught to do so. But when we refer to parrots in the forest, can we say that they talk?

Yes. It is because ■ indicate every bird's or beast's cry with ■ special word: apes gibber, ■ bray, bulls bellow, cows moo, peacocks scream, hens cackle, owls hoot, so on and so forth.





ADVENTURES OF APURVA

The mountain on which the hermit stood overlooked the snow-clad valley dazzling golden in the light of the rising sun. Further down the valley were rivers and lands.

The hermit once looked at the eastern sky and then at the vast landscape before him. He told himself, "What a good earth God made! He also made so many kinds of birds and beasts. Then he made men. He gave men the capacity to learn and progress, to live in peace and harmony. He also gave men the necessary wisdom to sift what is good from what is bad and what is desirable from what is undesirable.

Indeed, the earth could be a much better place than what it is now if some men were not eager to be happier than the others or to grab all the opportunities for themselves. Can't there be a new race of men who would be full of goodness, who would find it impossible to be unkind to others?"

The question had bothered the hermit for a long time. He had been a great yogi—in line with the seers of the Vedic times. He had mastered many secrets of Nature and had made many experiments with his unusual knowledge. At last he had drawn a unique formula to achieve



something spectacular.

"Master, the propitious hour has come," a disciple, coming out of a cave, reminded the hermit.

"Yes, Soham, it is time to put the final offerings to the Yajna," said the hermit.

They entered a large cave which had openings on both the sides. A fire was burning at the centre of the cave. The hermit sat down near it. Looking at the disciple, he said, "Soham, now guard me and keep an eye on the flames. They must continue to rise. Let me see what awaits us—success or failure."

The disciple took position behind the hermit. The hermit sat

in meditation for an hour. Then, chanting a hymn repeatedly for another hour, he threw a symbolic offering of clarified butter and some flowers and leaves into the flames.

His face brightened up as he saw a figure forming over the flames. It assumed a human shape, and stepped out of the fire and bowed to the hermit. He had a perfectly built body, but in miniature form, no bigger than a doll.

"Who am I?" asked the new being.

"You are a man—but with a difference. You are created directly from the five elements of Nature, by the power of the Yajna performed by me. You are also different from the other human beings because you are born endowed with speech and knowledge. Further, while you have the knowledge of good and bad, kindness and cruelty, truth and falsehood, you have no inclination to be bad, cruel or false. What is more, the ordinary human beings act because of their ambition; you will act guided by your inspiration—inspiration to fight injustice and uphold justice. If my dream of you proves fruitful, you shall be





the forerunner of ■ new race," said the hermit.

"But the knowledge inherent in me tells me that ■ am much smaller than the normal human beings. Why is it so?"

"You are special in many ways, are you not? You have ■ mind richer than the minds of all the other human beings, a heart nobler than the others. Such is Nature's design that if something is more, something else is less. You have a smaller body, but it is a body smart, agile and powerful. You should work for the betterment of the world, should you not?" asked the hermit.

"I should."

"Your body, ■ it is, would prove convenient for your action," said the hermit. He then added, after a moment's silence, "But you are not going to remain physically smaller forever. The first phase of your life will be full of struggle. You will fight the enemies of humanity. After you have done enough, you will enjoy a life of peace. You will gain the stature of ■ normal human being. How exactly is that to happen, will be revealed by time," said the hermit.

The hermit closed his eyes and remained silent for ■ moment. Then, smiling, he said, "You should be known ■ Apurva, which suggests that never before there had been anyone like you."

At ■ hint from the hermit, Soham placed ■ number of fruits before Apurva. He ate some of them. "My son, these fruits were charged with vitality. Once you have eaten them, you will not feel hungry for many days," said the hermit.

"Thank you. Can I go out of the cave now?" Apurva asked.

"Yes, out of the cave—and out into the open world," said the hermit.

Apurva bowed to the hermit and stepped out. The hermit and

his disciple followed him. Standing under the warm sun, Apurva smiled and exclaimed, "Sweet, sweet, everything is so sweet!"

"My son, I wish your feeling were true. Indeed, in principle everything is sweet. But man has brought in much bitterness into the world. You must do your bit to remove the bitterness," said the hermit.

Suddenly Apurva's brows were quenched. "What is this I hear? Cries of anguish. And what is this I see? Fire! Homes burning!" he said, his voice marked by anxiety.

"But we don't hear or see anything like that!" the hermit's

disciple wondered aloud.

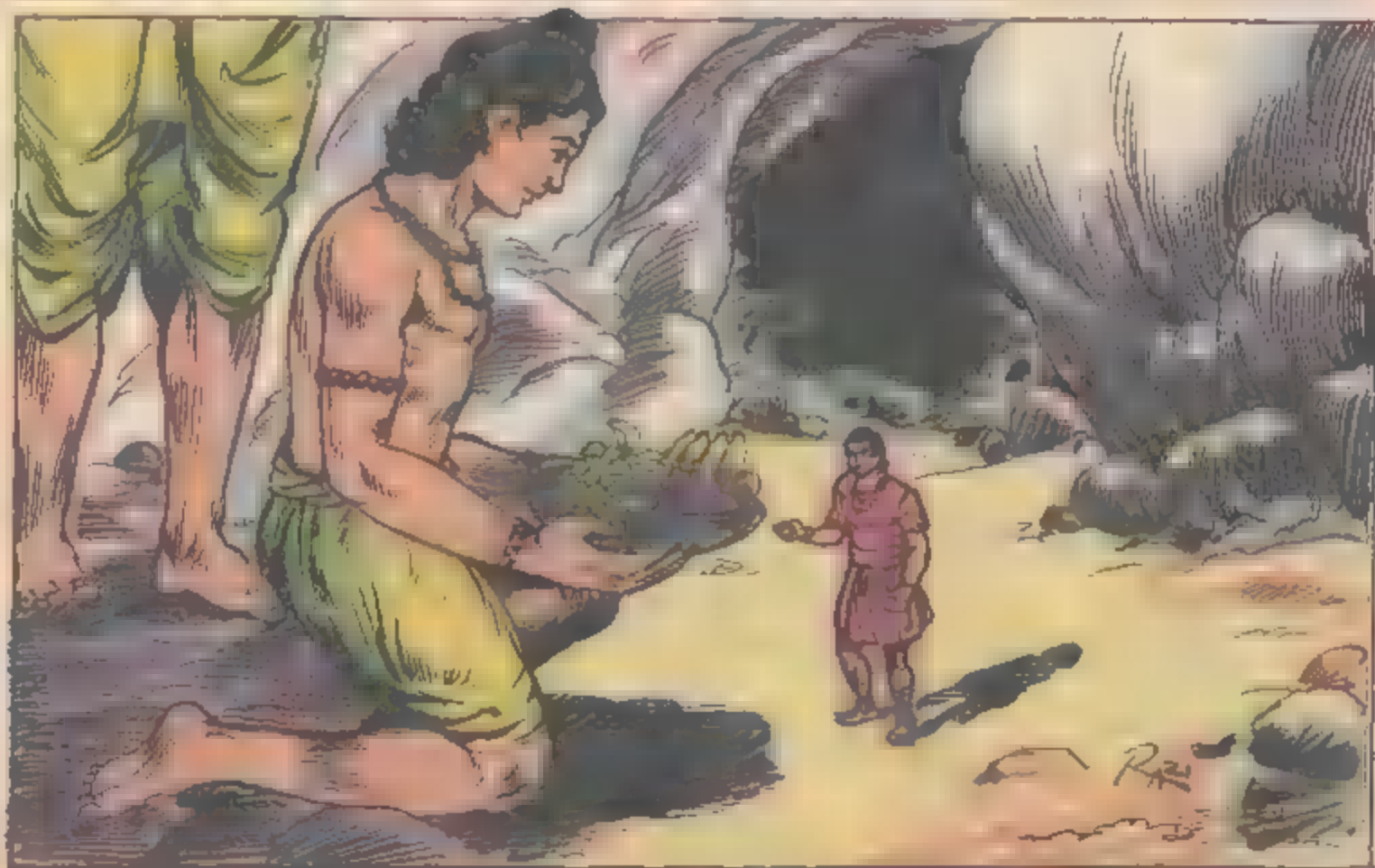
"We cannot. Apurva has much sharper senses than we possess," explained the hermit. "He can see objects and hear sounds from very far. He can also run faster than any human being."

"Father, allow me to go and see what is happening!" appealed Apurva.

"Go, my son. God be with you."

Apurva began to run. As he gathered speed, he grew less and less distinct, as if he were changing into ■ carving on a glass! Then he became invisible.

"What is this? Why is Apurva not seen?" asked the disciple,



surprised.

"At a certain degree of speed, his body became one with the light and the air. Hence you cannot see him," explained the hermit.

* * *

"If you refuse to work for building a new house for the landlord, you have no right to live in your own houses," shouted the landlord's henchmen, putting fire to the thatches of the poor villagers.

The people were too weak, too much afraid of the landlord's might, to stop the hooligans. They were protesting in a pathetic manner, "But have we not laboured enough? How can we labour every day? Who will work in our fields? Who will earn the livelihood for us?"

The cruel henchmen did not care to answer their questions. Merrily they went on putting fire

to the cottages.

Suddenly showers came down on the fire. The landlord's henchmen looked upward. No, there were no clouds. How was it raining then? Before they had found any answer to this, they heard a deafening sound. They looked following the sound. Knee-deep in the river that flowed by the village stood a horde of elephants. They shot jets of water from their trunks. They trumpeted. In a few minutes the fire was extinguished. Then the elephants charged towards the henchmen, throwing water on them. The henchmen ran, but they could hear someone's laughter behind them. On the back of the leading elephant stood a doll-like man. Was he an apparition? Was he an angel?

They fled for fear of their lives.

—To continue





THE MEANEST AND THE MEAN

Under a tree sat an old man. He asked a traveller, "Can you kindly give me some water to drink? I am dying of thirst."

"I have drinking water with me. I can give you half of it. But you have to pay for it in cash," said the traveller.

"My son! I am dying of thirst!" mumbled the old man.

"That is why you should pay! Otherwise I go my way!" said the traveller.

The old man brought a silver coin out of his pocket and gave it to him. The traveller's face looked bright with joy. He gave the old man the water he was carrying.

The old man stood up and began to walk alongside the traveller. "To which village do you belong?" asked the old man. "I belong to Rawansima," said

the traveller.

"Good. What is your name?"

"Lalvir," said the traveller.

"Good. Now, listen to me, Lalvir, it seems you are very fond of money," said the old man.

"Who is not fond of money?" asked Lalvir.

Instead of answering this question, the old man said, "Since you are so fond of money, you will appreciate if I make a gift of ten silver coins to you, won't you?"

Lalvir looked at the old man with curiosity. "I will certainly appreciate it, but why should you give me ten silver coins for nothing?"

"You don't have to worry about that. Do as I say. I will follow you to your village. I will beg of you ■ coin. You give it to me. Meet me in the afternoon at the village inn. I will pay you ten



coins," proposed the old man.

"Suppose you decamp with the coin I give you?" asked Lalvir.

"It is quite clever of you to raise that question. Here is the coin which you will give me." The old man handed out another silver coin to Lalvir. "So, you lose nothing by giving it to me."

Lalvir looked happy.

Both reached Rawansima. The old man told Lalvir, "Go and loiter at a conspicuous place. I will soon meet you. It would be good if you slightly bow down to me while giving me the coin."

Lalvir nodded consent and doubled up. After a few minutes

the old man walked into the village and in full view of some passers-by, asked Lalvir, "Son! Will you be pleased to give me a silver coin?"

The passers-by were about to laugh when Lalvir bowed to him and gave him a silver coin.

The old man raised his hand as if to bless him and slowly walked forward and took position under a banyan tree.

Soon the village money-lender met him, bowed to him and gave him a silver coin. The old man raised his hand in the style of giving his blessings. The money-lender was followed by the village chieftain, the teacher, the landlord's tax-collector and several other householders. Most of them gave a silver coin each, but some gave more than that.

Late in the afternoon Lalvir met the old man at the inn. The old man gave him ten silver coins.

"Old man, you have earned at least fifty silver coins. You ought to give me some more!"

No, never!" shouted the old man. "A contract is a contract. What I earned is my business. I had never promised you more!"

The old man's voice could be heard by the inn-keeper and

some other people. Nobody knew that he wanted to attract their attention. They understood that they had been deceived by the old man! They confronted the two and led them to the village chieftain. "Let us go to the judge!" proposed the old man. The local judge appointed by the king lived in the next village. They all went there. The moment the judge saw the old man he stood up and was about to greet him. But the old man signed him to sit down. The judge understood that the old man would not like to be identified.

"This old man has swindled us," complained the villagers of Rawansima. "We thought that he was a holy man, so we offered him money."

"Had he asked you for it?" the judge questioned.

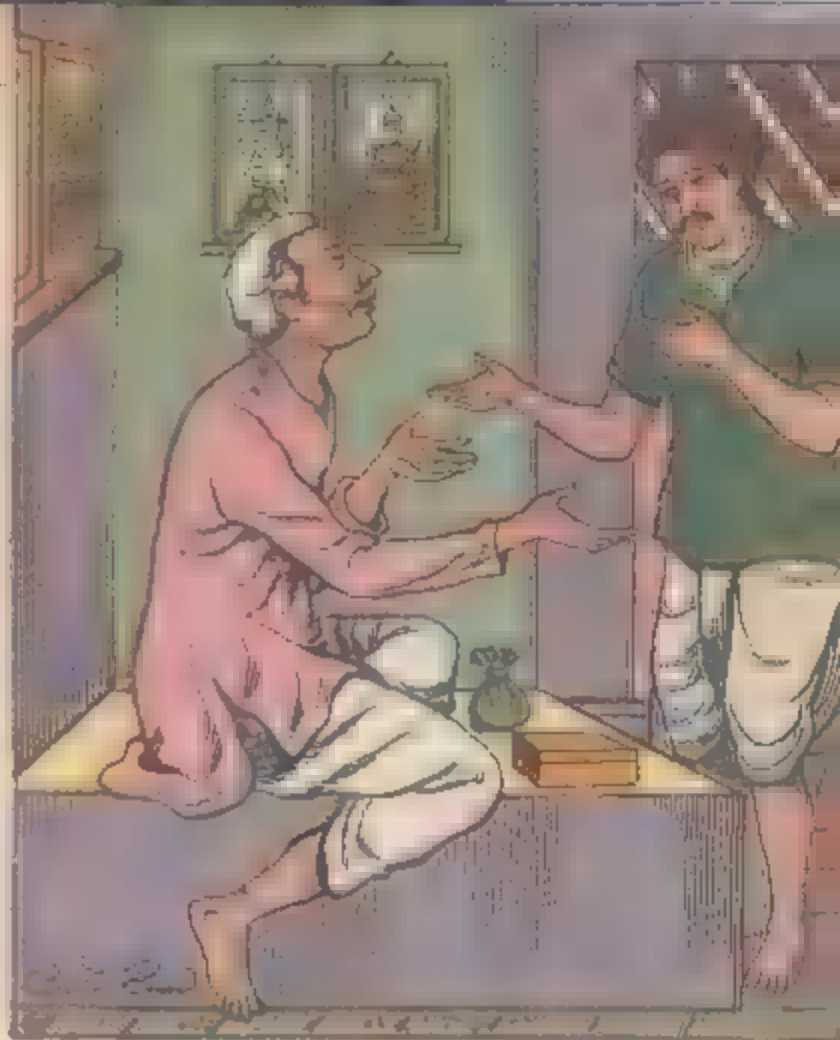
"No," replied the villagers.

"Had he promised any boon?"

"No," said the villagers, looking at one another.

"Then?" demanded the judge.

"When we saw that Lalvir, the meanest man and the greatest of misers paying him a silver coin, we concluded that he must be a holy man having some powers! But afterwards we found out that



it was an arrangement between Lalvir and the old man!" explained the villagers.

"It is true," now the old man said, "that I had struck a deal with Lalvir. It happened like this. When I found out how mean he is, I wondered what kind of people were there around him. Meanness of that kind cannot thrive among noble people. Now I know that if Lalvir is the meanest of all, the people of his village are also mean to a certain degree."

"How?" the village chieftain asked, feeling awfully bad.

"Look here. Everywhere the



people follow the example of good men. In your village people follow the example of the meanest man!" observed the old man.

The villagers remained silent, their heads hung in shame.

"Now, here is all the money you fellows gave me. Spend the

amount for some good cause, or let each one take back whatever he had given," said the old man.

After this the judge stood up again and greeted the old man with folded hands. The old man was none other than the king's tutor, a nobleman of high rank.



The Miser's Conduct

A miser goes on hoarding money, confident that the money is his own. But when it comes to spending, he behaves as if it belonged to someone else!

LEAVES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE

Samuel Johnson [1709-84], the renowned English author, was one day going out of his house in London when a group of students greeted him. "We came to learn something from you," they said.

"But I am leaving for the market at Lichfield," said Johnson.

"Can you accompany you?" asked the students.

"That is for you to decide. If you do, maybe you will learn something," said Johnson.

They reached Lichfield and went to the market. Under a lamp-post Johnson told the students, "Go and see the town. Meet me here in the evening, if you wish to return to London with me."

The students left him there and were back there in the evening. It had rained and they found Johnson drenched. "Where were you when it rained, Sir? Was there no shelter there?"

"I have not moved from this place since you left me," replied Johnson.

The students were surprised. Samuel Johnson now quietly led them towards the station. While doing so, he explained his strange conduct: when he was a teenager his father ran a small roadside bookshop under the lamp-post. One day the father was unwell. The young Samuel had promised to take over from him in the afternoon. But, playing with his friends, the young man did not turn up to relieve his father. The father returned home as usual at night, more ill than before, but never took Samuel to task.

Many years had passed. Samuel Johnson had become a great man. But from time to time the memory of his unkindness to his father pricked him. That day he had decided to do his penance, by remaining standing on the spot where the bookshop used to be.





THE LAST MOVE

Prasad lost his parents when very young. However, his neighbours were kind enough to offer him a meal now and then. There was no doubt about the fact that Prasad was a nice boy. Someone came forward to give him some old clothes when Prasad was seen in tattered ones.

Prasad was not unhappy, but he did not like to live either as a parasite or as a beggar. One day he saw a villager hiring hands for digging a well. He offered to work. At the end of the day his master realised that it was Prasad who had worked most hard. Soon it became known that Prasad was an efficient and honest worker. Now, works were offered to him regularly by different households.

One day Haridas, a well-to-do peasant, told Prasad, "How long should you remain in such uncertainty? Join my household. You will be assured of three meals a day and two sets of dress a year. Moreover, I will pay you five rupees during the festive season."

Prasad consented and joined his household. A month passed. One day Jainath, another well-to-do man, called Prasad and said, "What a pity that you should work hard for nothing. Come to work in my house. I will give you all the facilities Haridas is giving and much more—a rupee a day!"

Prasad agreed to the proposal and switched over to Jainath's house. But that angered Haridas. He went on complaining against

Jainath to all and sundry, "What a wicked fellow Jainath is! He knows nothing but envy."

Jainath heard this and threatened Haridas with violence if he did not stop speaking against him. Haridas was not a man to be cowed down. He too rebuffed him.

Several villagers collected on the scene. If some of them supported Haridas, some others supported Jainath. They were about to come to blows when the village chief intervened. He took the quarrelling parties to task and told them, "Prasad is free to work anywhere he likes. It is entirely his choice. You are fools to quarrel over this."

"You are absolutely right, Sir," said Bhushan, the village grocer.

The people dispersed. Bhushan spotted Prasad and told him confidentially, "My boy, must you remain a domestic servant all your life? You deserve greater opportunities. Join my shop as an assistant. You will get everything you are getting. Only, your salary will be more. Fifty rupees a month."

Prasad accepted the proposal and left Jainath's house. The agitated Jainath told a group of villagers chitchatting under a banyan tree, "Look at Bhushan's mischief. Must we tolerate his damaging our peace? Today he took away my servant."



Tomorrow he will take away yours!"

"Jainath! How could you forget this possibility when you lured Prasad away from the household of Haridas?" asked a villager with a sneer.

"Shut up!" shouted Jainath.

"Who are you to shout at me? Do you think that it is your monopoly to call others names? Bhushan is justified in giving Prasad a better break! Prasad is an honest and dignified boy. Why should he spend his life cleaning your utensils and washing your clothes?" challenged the villager.

There was pandemonium. Again the villagers were about to come to blows. However, some elderly people intervened. It was decided that there would be a meeting with the village chief in the chair and the issue would be decided.

The villagers duly met in front of the village chief's house the next day. As soon as the meeting began, Bhushan said, "I am sure, someone else has lured Prasad away from my shop. He has not reported for duty today."

"No, Bhushan, nobody has lured him away. Here is the letter I found in my house thrown through the window," said the chief. Then he read out the letter:

"My salutations to all my elders. I am grateful to the people of my village for having nourished me after the death of my parents. But lately I have been the cause of a lot of bitterness among my well-wishers. I am leaving the village, because I am afraid, I do not deserve your attention."

There was a gloomy silence. At last Bhushan said, "I am afraid, we did not deserve Prasad!"

"That's right," said the chief.



CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT-29

THE INDIA OF THEIR DREAMS

LET US STAND UNITED AS ONE MAN

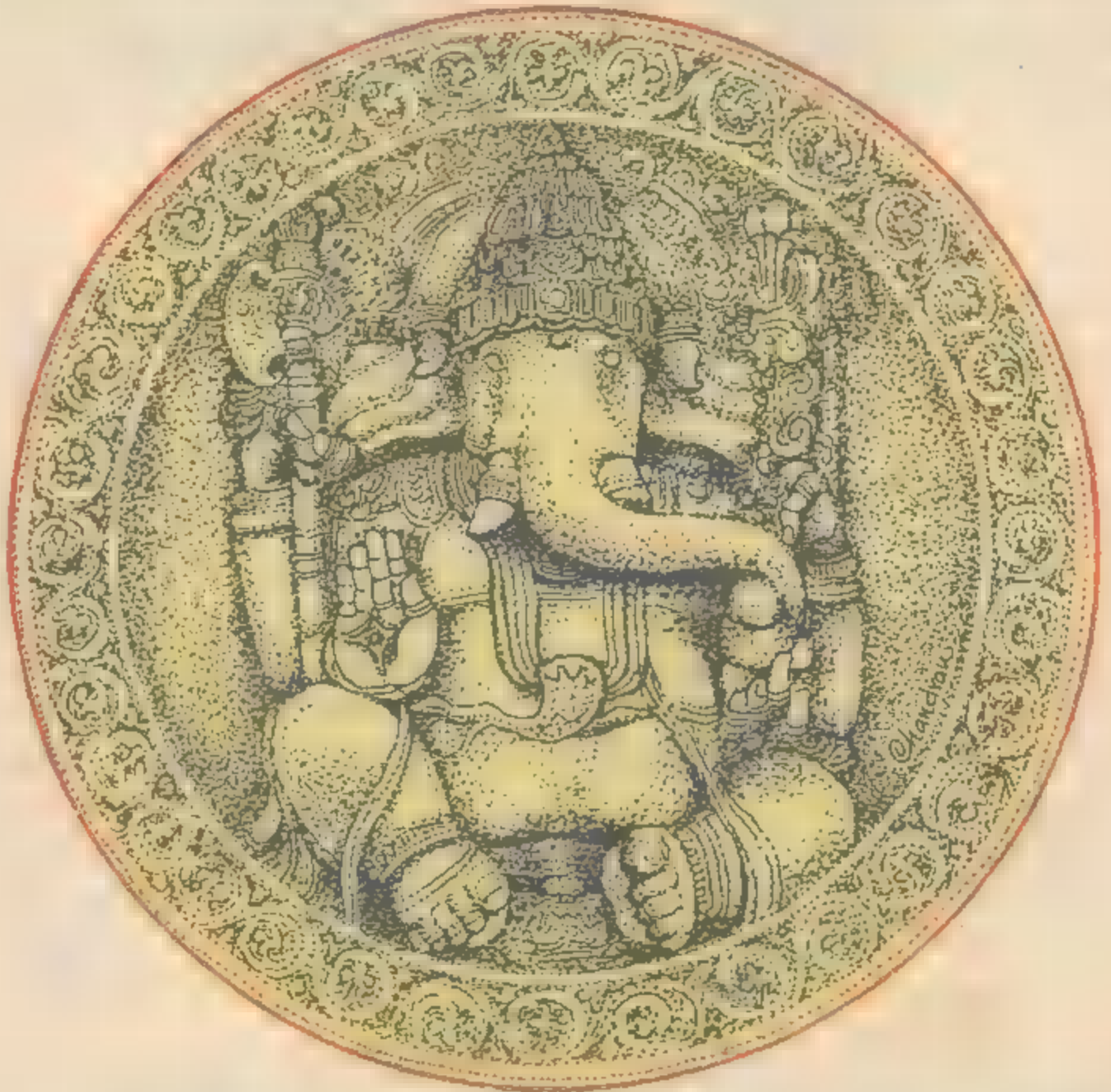
Born in 1884 in Bihar, Dr. Rajendra Prasad was one of the great statesmen of India. He had a roaring practice as an advocate, but he gave it up in order to join India's struggle for freedom. When India became a republic in 1950, he was elected its first President. He was re-elected in 1952 and 1957. He died in 1962.

This is what he said in a speech at Madurai on 16 August, 1956:
"India, with more than 360 million people, can play a great part in the world today. But imagine what will happen if we were again to be separated, one from another, and instead of having one India we had a number of independent States. In *Kali Yuga*, it is said, 'Unity is Strength.' It is therefore necessary that today we, who are 360 million people, stand united as one man. Unity does not mean dull uniformity. A distinctive feature of our nation is 'Unity within Diversity.'"

DO YOU KNOW?

1. What are the names of the Parliaments of India, Britain, Japan, U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.?
2. Which is the biggest state in the world?
3. In which continent is it situated—in Europe or Asia?
4. Which is the second biggest state and in which continent is it situated?
5. Which are the third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh biggest states?

GANAPATI



At the start of any sacred rite or worship of any deity, one must invoke Ganapati, who is also famous as Ganesha or Vinayaka.

All the three names introduce him as the leader of the Ganas. They are supernatural beings at His command. He is also known as Vighneswara or the one who can remove all obstacles.

Mother Parvati created Him out of Her sweet will and hence He is looked upon as the son of Shiva and Parvati.

There are several stories to explain the mystery of His having the head of an elephant. One of them says that His head vanished when God Saturn looked at Him. (God Saturn certainly did not wish this is to happen!) Hence an elephant's head that came handy, was fixed on Him. Whatever be the symbolic meaning of the episode, Ganapati looks uniquely charming in His novel appearance.

As He is the dispenser of Siddhi (Success) and Buddhi (Wisdom), the two qualities are often represented as His consorts.

NEWS FLASH



The Smallest Telephone

Japan has invented the smallest and the lightest telephone. It weighs about 10 ounces. Small though it is, it can talk big! That is to say, it carries your voice more powerfully than other telephones.



Tiger Tiger Burning Bright!

But these tigers would look bright even in broad daylight. They are all White Tigers. The world's first safari for this genre of rare tigers is being organised near the famous zoological garden, Nandan Kanan, in Orissa. You can drive through the park and also watch the tigers from a tower.

LET US EXPLORE THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

1. Who conferred the title "Father of History" on Herodotus?
2. Which book in English literature was a satire for the grown-up readers, but become a popular children's classic?
3. How many are the officially recognised Indian languages?
4. What are they?
5. Which is spoken by the largest number of people? Which are the four languages that come after that?

ANSWERS

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Lok Sabha and Rajya Sabha; House of Commons and House of Lords; Diet; Congress; Supreme Soviet, respectively.
2. The U.S.S.R.
3. It spreads over Europe and Asia.
4. Canada, in North America.
5. China, U.S.A., Brazil, Australia and India.

LITERATURE

1. Cicero the Roman philosopher and Orator of 1st century B.C. called him so.
2. *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift.
3. Fifteen.
4. Assamese, Bengali, Gujarati, Hindi, Kannada, Kashmiri, Malayalam, Marathi, Oriya, Punjabi, Sanskrit, Sindhi, Tamil, Telugu and Urdu.
5. Hindi. Then come Telugu, Bengali, Marathi and Tamil.



WORLD MYTHOLOGY

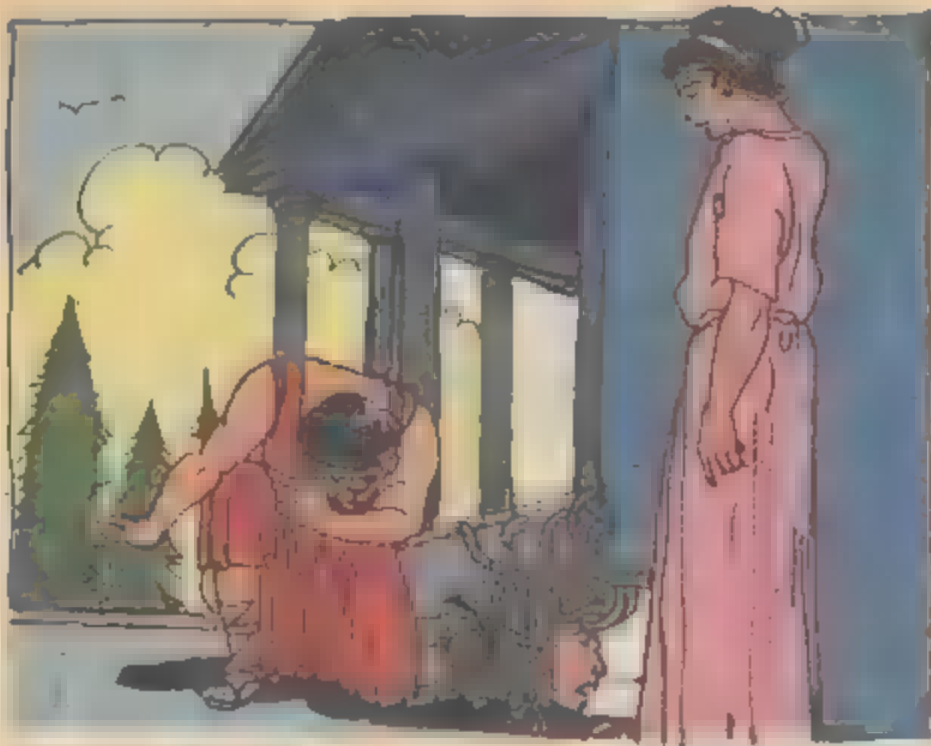
A PROPHECY FULFILLED

You read in the last issue how King Acrisius of Argos drove away his daughter and grandson because of a prophecy that he would be killed by his grandson. This grandson Perseus, grew up to be a brave young man and married the beautiful Andromeda.

Their wedding had just been over when a relative of the bride, Prince Phineus and his friends tried to snatch the bride away. Perseus showed them Medusa's head and turned them into stones. They became statues in whatever position they stood.



Then, with his bride Perseus reached Seriphos where his mother lived. He saw his mother running away from the King of Seriphos who was harassing her. He stepped forward and, with Medusa's head, turned the king into stone.



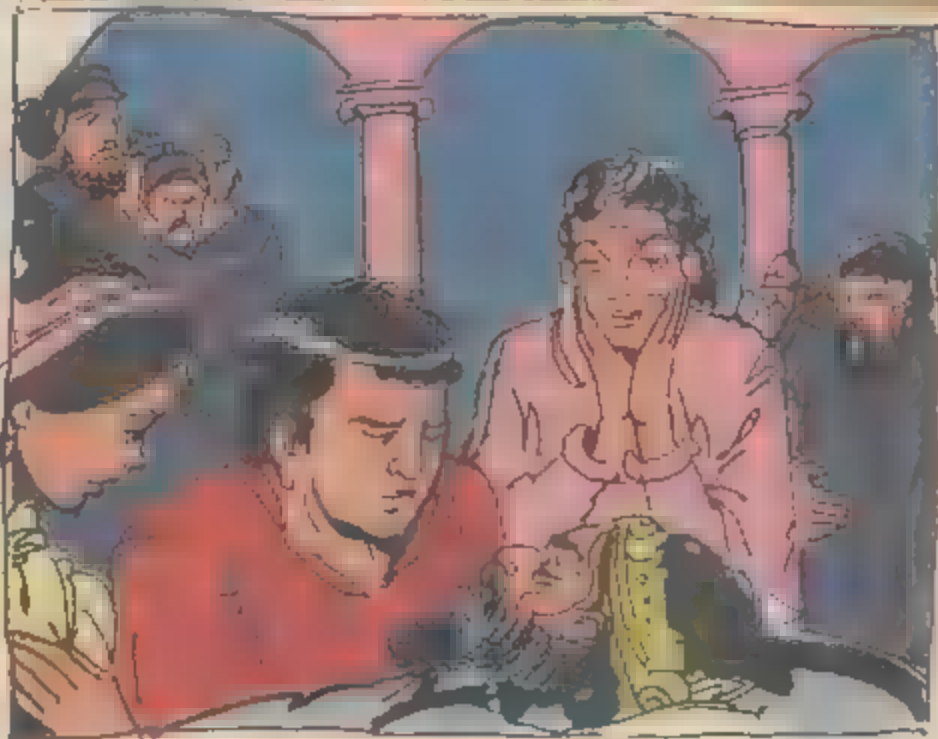
After this, Perseus did not wish to take advantage of Medusa's head anymore. He offered it to Goddess Minerva in Her temple. Now onward he must rely on his own strength. He spent some days in prayer and decided to leave for his native land, Argos.

Perseus, his mother and his wife Andromeda now set sail for Argos. One day, an infant, he had left Argos with his mother in a small boat. Today he sailed back in a decorated ship. His fame had spread everywhere.



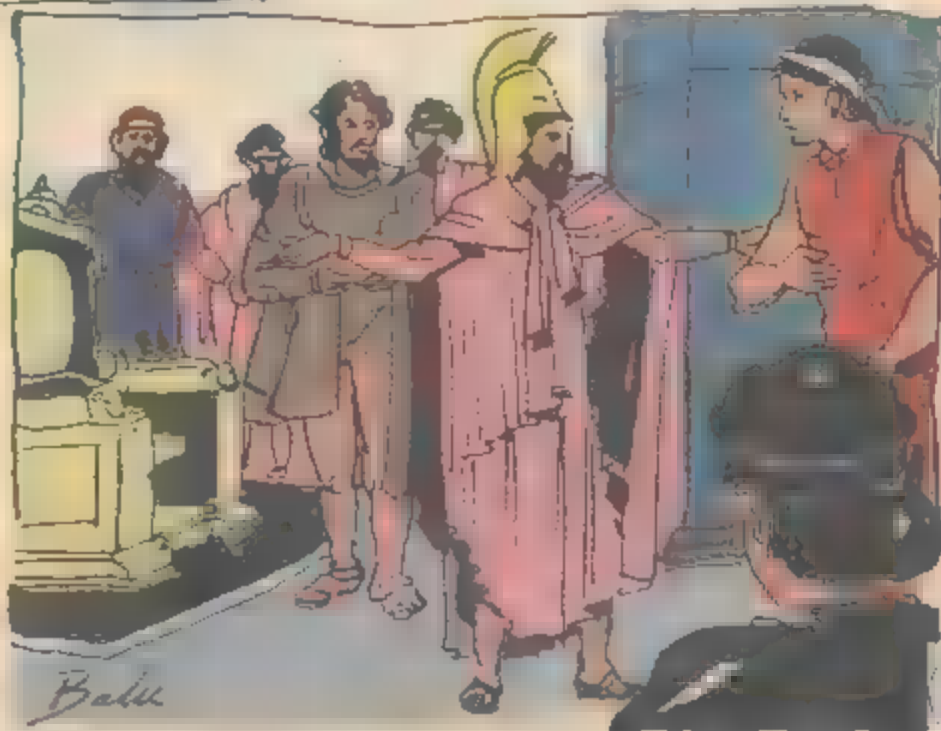
They stopped at a spot on the shore of Larissa. They were cordially received. The king of Larissa was holding a festival in honour of his late father. Perseus, out of courtesy, agreed to participate in some games in the festival.

While participating in the games, Perseus threw a quoit or a heavy stone ring. Accidentally, it missed its mark and hit a man who had just joined the crowd of onlookers.



The man fell down dead. Inquiry showed that he was none other than King Acrisius of Argos, the grandfather of Perseus. The king, upon hearing that his grandson was returning to Argos was going away to avoid meeting him. However, with the king's death, the prophecy was fulfilled.

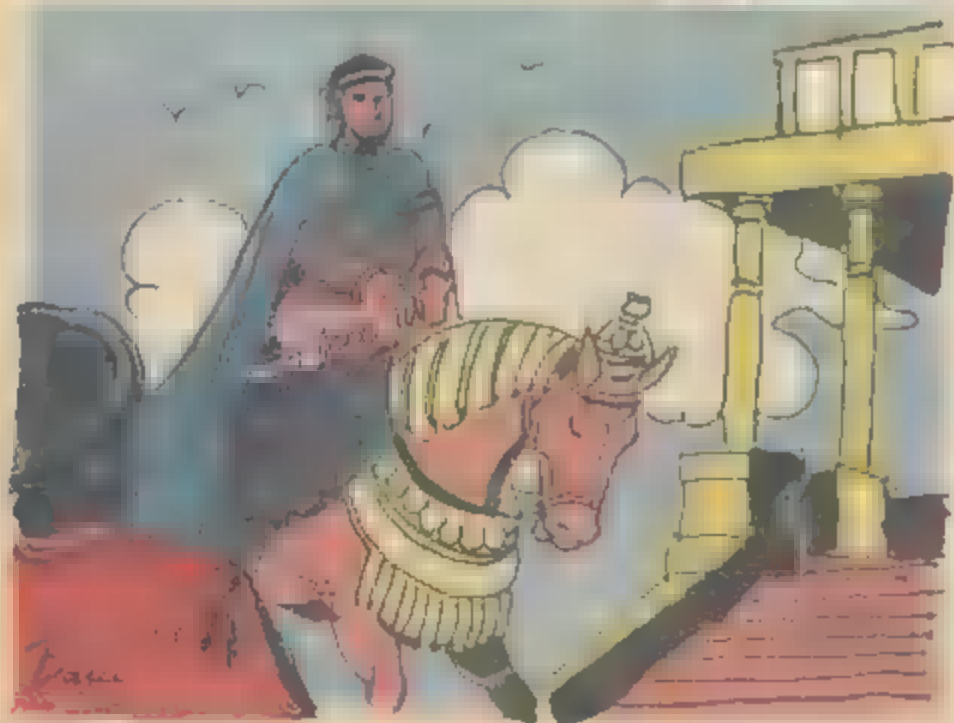
After this they reached Argos, but Perseus was so sad for having killed his grandfather, the king of Argos, accidentally, that he did not like to sit on the throne of Argos.





Perseus founded a new city which was named Mycenal. He ruled a prosperous kingdom from there, with Andromeda as his queen. He was a just and great king, revered by all.

After his death Perseus was worshipped as a godly being. His subjects raised a huge statue of his. For a long time it remained a great attraction of that region.



One of his sons, Perses, is the hero who founded Persia. The Persians are said to be his descendants. Perseus has inspired so many works in literature including a charming play, Perseus the Deliverer, by Sri Aurobindo.



New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire

KUSUM'S CHOICE

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of the roars of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King, at a time when you should enjoy a sound sleep in your luxurious bedroom in the palace, you are trying to discharge a difficult task? For whose benefit are you doing this? Are you sure that once the man has benefited by your labours he would remain grateful to you? Let me narrate an incident to you, in order to explain my point.



Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The Vampire went on: In ■ certain village lived a little girl named Kusum. She had lost her mother when she was an infant. Her father married a second time. There are some stepmothers who behave just like mothers. There are some who do not. Kusum's stepmother was cruel towards the girl. She made the girl work very hard, but gave her very little food to eat. One day she tumbled over the oven and burnt the skin of her face. Her leg got twisted and she

limped. Even then her stepmother did nothing to comfort her.

At night she slept in the cowshed and cried. She did so night after night.

Now, it so happened that on the other side of the wall slept Mahindra, a boy who loved to sing after his dinner. His singing was always disturbed by Kusum's sobs. Once or twice he shouted at Kusum, but that only increased the frequency of her sobs.

One day Mahindra led his sheep into the nearby forest. While they grazed, he sat under a tree beside ■ spring and sang. A long time passed.

"Excellent!" he heard someone saying when he ended his song. He looked around and saw ■ hermit seated under another tree, not far from him.

"Thank you. But only if I could practise singing at night, I could have sung better," said Mahindra.

"What is the obstacle in your practice?" queried the hermit.

"Kusum. She cries at night," he said. Then he told him all about Kusum.

Moved to pity, the hermit

asked, "Can you bring the girl to me?"

"I will try," said Mahindra.

Next day, for some reason, Kusum's stepmother pushed her out of the house and said, "Get out. Don't show your ugly face to me any more!"

Kusum stood on the lonely village road crying. It was not for the first time that her stepmother did this to her. But every time, after ■ while, poor Kusum limped back into the house and resumed her work.

Today, however, Mahindra walked up to her and said, "Since your stepmother has ordered you out, you can come with ■ to the hermit's Ashram in the forest. He has asked me to take you there."

Kusum was in great anguish. She would have followed even ■ tiger to escape from her stepmother's tyranny.

Mahindra led her to the hermit. The hermit blessed her and said, "Be with me, my daughter. It will do you good." Kusum wept with joy. The hermit caressed her and showed her into a little cottage.

Mahindra took leave of the hermit.

Kusum's father looked for her



in the evening. Mahindra informed him that she was in the forest, with the hermit. He did not say how she went there.

Kusum's father went to the forest and met her. She refused to come home. The hermit told him that she would die if she was forced to go back. That would also ■ a curse for her stepmother and father. Frightened, the father went back without Kusum.

A year passed. Mahindra went into the forest out of curiosity. He was astonished to see the change in the hermitage. There were several new huts. He saw a



young man and some boys making cane baskets. He asked the young man about the hermit. He did not reply through words, but through gestures. Mahindra understood that he was dumb. The young man politely signalled him to sit down and went into a hut and came back with the hermit.

Mahindra greeted the hermit and said, "What is this I see? Much has changed!"

"Yes, my boy, one day Kusum found a dumb young man who had fainted on the river bank. She revived him and brought him here. He is an excellent crafts-

man. I have collected a few handicapped children. The dumb young man is training them to work and earn a living," said the hermit.

"Where is Kusum?" asked Mahindra.

"Before you see her, I must prepare you for the event," said the hermit, smiling.

Mahindra looked at him, for he could not understand what he meant. The hermit explained, "I too was once maltreated by my stepmother. I left my home and wandered in the forest. I chanced upon a great sage. He adopted me and taught me the secrets of many herbs and trained me in yoga. I have applied a little of my knowledge on Kusum."

The hermit called Kusum who was returning from the river with a pitcher. There was no mark of the burns she had received on her face. She was no longer limping. In fact, she was a beautiful girl.

Mahindra could not believe his eyes. Kusum kept the pitcher down and greeted him. Her eyes showed how grateful she was.

After she went away to bring some food for the guest, the hermit told Mahindra, "I don't know what she would like to do,

whether she would live here or go back to her father."

"Sir, it is not proper for her to go back to her father, for her stepmother would grow awfully envious of her. At the same time, she cannot remain in a jungle, unmarried, forever. Please allow me to marry her and take her to my home," said Mahindra.

"It is very considerate of you. But Kusum also should have a say in the matter, shouldn't she? I will ask her and inform you tomorrow," said the hermit.

Mahindra met the hermit again the next day. The hermit told him politely. "My boy, I wish you a happy marriage, but

not with Kusum, with someone else. So far as Kusum is concerned, I think she would like to marry that dumb young man and continue to live here."

Mahindra, though a bit sad, went away smiling.

The vampire paused for a moment and demanded of King Vikram in a challenging manner, "O King, can Kusum's conduct be ever justified? Was it not sheer ungratefulness on her part to decline to marry Mahindra? Was it not Mahindra who brought her good luck? And was it not sheer madness on her part to decide to marry a dumb young man? Answer me if you can. Should





you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck!"

Forthwith answered King Vikram, "Kusum cannot be blamed for her decision. True, Mahindra had brought her to the hermit, but it was not out of any great concern for her. He brought her there so that his singing can go on undisturbed. You can say that it was Kusum's good luck. If today Mahindra proposed to marry her, it was because she had been cured of her deformity. In other words, Mahindra was motivated

by his own selfishness, like most of the ordinary men. Kusum decided to marry the dumb young man because she understood the sorrows of a handicapped. She thought that it would be good if she too showed equal concern for some other handicapped person. Besides, though dumb, the young man was a gifted craftsman and must have been a good person in Kusum's estimate."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his reply than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

-- It is better to be able neither to read nor write than to be able to do nothing else.

—William Hazlitt

THREE RIDDLES

It was a fine day, sunny and bright. Little Annie, a ribboned hat on her head, a lovely frilled dress on her sweet person and a basket in her hand happily romped over the hills and dales. Flowers and red ripe berries were all that she went to gather from the neighbouring glen.

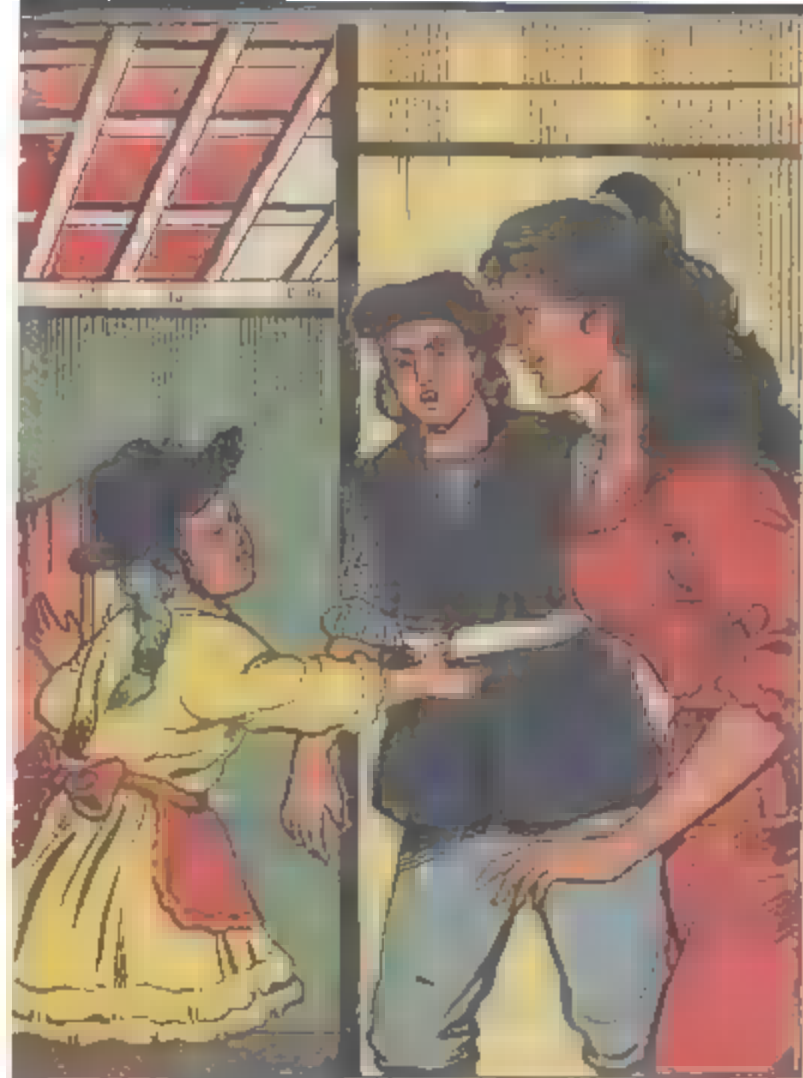
"What a cute rabbit and its wearing a red coat too!" exclaimed Annie as the little creature joyfully nibbled at the fresh cabbage leaves. She ran towards it and the rabbit ran

away. There followed a long long chase. Down the hill and up they went, hopped and skipped over streamlets, when suddenly the rabbit disappeared under a thicket. Annie stealthily peeped into it and saw no rabbit but a small opening on the ground.

"Surely it is hiding in there," she said and squeezed herself into the hedge and lying flat on her belly looked through the hole. A strange sight met her eyes!

Far below, there was a large and beautiful hall and little stars





twinkled in it. In the flickering light of a thousand candles wee fairies, their wings folded, lay in deep slumber. And the rabbit in the red coat? Well, it was striding to and fro, hands behind the back, as if in deep contemplation.

Meanwhile the ant clan trooped into Annie's nostrils that were almost grazing the ground, taking them to be caves interesting enough for exploration. There followed a series of sneezes. The sound woke up the winged beings. They vanished instantly. All of them. The fairies, the rabbit, the candles, the stars. There was only darkness.

Annie ran back home as fast as her little legs could carry her. "Daddy! Daddy!" she exclaimed with bated breath. "Today, beyond that yonder hill, I saw fairies! No, not in my dreams, but real ones. They had little wings, I wand in each one's hand and stars shone over their heads."

A silence fell. A look of anxiety appeared on the faces of the farmer couple. "Alas, what have you done, my dear daughter? You've unwittingly spied on the fairies! For whosoever does so is bound to invite their wrath," said Annie's mother with a tear trickling down her cheek.

"What should we do now?" asked the dismayed farmer.

"The good old witch lives in the trunk of the great oak tree. Carry seven plum cakes, a big round pumpkin, a jar of fresh milk and fourteen brown eggs for her and seek her advice," said his wife.

The farmer at once set out on his mission. It was not difficult for him to locate his destination. For the great Oak towered over all other trees.

When the good old witch heard what the farmer had to say, she remained quiet for a moment

and then said in a cackling voice:

"At midnight, when the moon shines over your hamlet, the fairies will come to fetch your daughter. For they are not going to spare any mortal spying on them. But I can brew a spell that will prevent them from entering, provided your farmhouse is completely quiet. Mind you, even the yawn of a mouse or the twitch of its tail, even the slightest of the most faint sound will break the spell and your daughter would be lost to you." Thanking the farmer for his generous gifts, she then closed the oval door of her tree-house.

The farmer hurried back home. The cats were locked, along with the cows, in the barn, the horses in the stable and the watchdog was drugged to sleep soundly. The fire was raked out of the hearth so that the burning logs do not cackle. All the clocks were stopped, for there should be no ticking to break the silence.

The moon shone brightly in the sky and the church bell struck twelve. There was a distant hooting of the owl and the gentle lapping of the river nearby. The farmer and his wife who sat in the darkness of their kitchen heard



the swishing of wings. The fairies had come to take away their child. But they only buzzed around, unable to enter the farmhouse, against the magical spell of complete silence that protected it.

The farmer and his wife were unaware that Annie had smuggled her pet spaniel to sleep with her under the quilt. When he heard the angry whisperings and mutterings of the fairies outside, he jumped out of the bed and began to bark furiously. The spell was at once broken and Annie's bed lay empty. The little dog still barked frantically, but in vain.



On the morrow the farmer again went to the good old witch. When he had told her what had happened, she opened her ancient spell book and glanced through the brittle pages.

"This time the task is going to be much more difficult," she said at length. "You must now look for three gifts. First, something that does not burn but gives light. Secondly a chicken without any bones. Lastly you must find an animal which will give you a part of itself without losing a single drop of blood. With these three things you must go to the abode of the fairies and ask for their

king. When he sees you along with these presents, he'll be obliged to return your daughter."

The following morning the farmer's wife set off to the neighbouring town with the hope of getting some help to solve the three riddles. On the way, sitting on a milestone beside the rivulet was a hawker.

"Kind lady," he said, "I'm hungry and cold. Could you spare me some food and drink?"

"Certainly," replied the farmer's wife. She fed him with the lunch she was carrying for herself and offered him a home-made delicious drink. Then, taking off her shawl, she covered him with it.

"You've been warm towards me, helpful as a glow-worm which does not burn but sheds light. Goodbye and may God be with you," said the hawker and he went away.

The bewildered but happy woman continued on her journey. She now knew what it is that does not burn but gives light.

As she was entering the forest she heard the sweet song of a lark. Looking up she saw a cat on a higher branch, about to pounce on the bird who was singing

joyfully, unconscious of the impending danger. She at once shouted, waving her umbrella and frightened the cat away.

"How tender you are!" said the bird, "Like the boneless chick just coming out of ■ egg!" Then it flew away.

"Did the bird know about the second riddle?" wondered the farmer's wife as she reached the outskirts of the town.

She had yet to find out what the witch meant by the third condition.

She asked each and everyone she knew, but to no avail. Disappointed, she turned back homewards. Just as she ■■ emerging

out of the woods she heard a pitiful cry. "Surely some innocent creature is in distress," thought she and followed the sound. She came across a rabbit, wearing a red coat, caught in a trap. She immediately set it free and bandaged its bruised leg.

"I wish my leg had been like ■ lizard's tail! Seize a lizard by its tail and it will wriggle itself free, leaving behind its tail in your hand and without having lost ■ single drop of blood!" said the rabbit and it sped away, casting a meaningful look at the lady.

The sad face of the farmer lit up with joy when his wife recounted her strange adven-



tures. The three presents were gathered and the farmer proceeded to the dwelling of the fairies. There he saw a wonderful sight. The Fairy King sat on his golden throne. Around him the courtiers and the fairies feasted and danced to the tune of lilting music. But the farmer's eyes shone and his heart leaped up when he beheld his dear Annie sitting beside the king on a chair that glittered with diamonds. Behind her, on a silver stool sat the rabbit with the red coat, now with his spectacles on, reading a book, the History of the Fairyland.

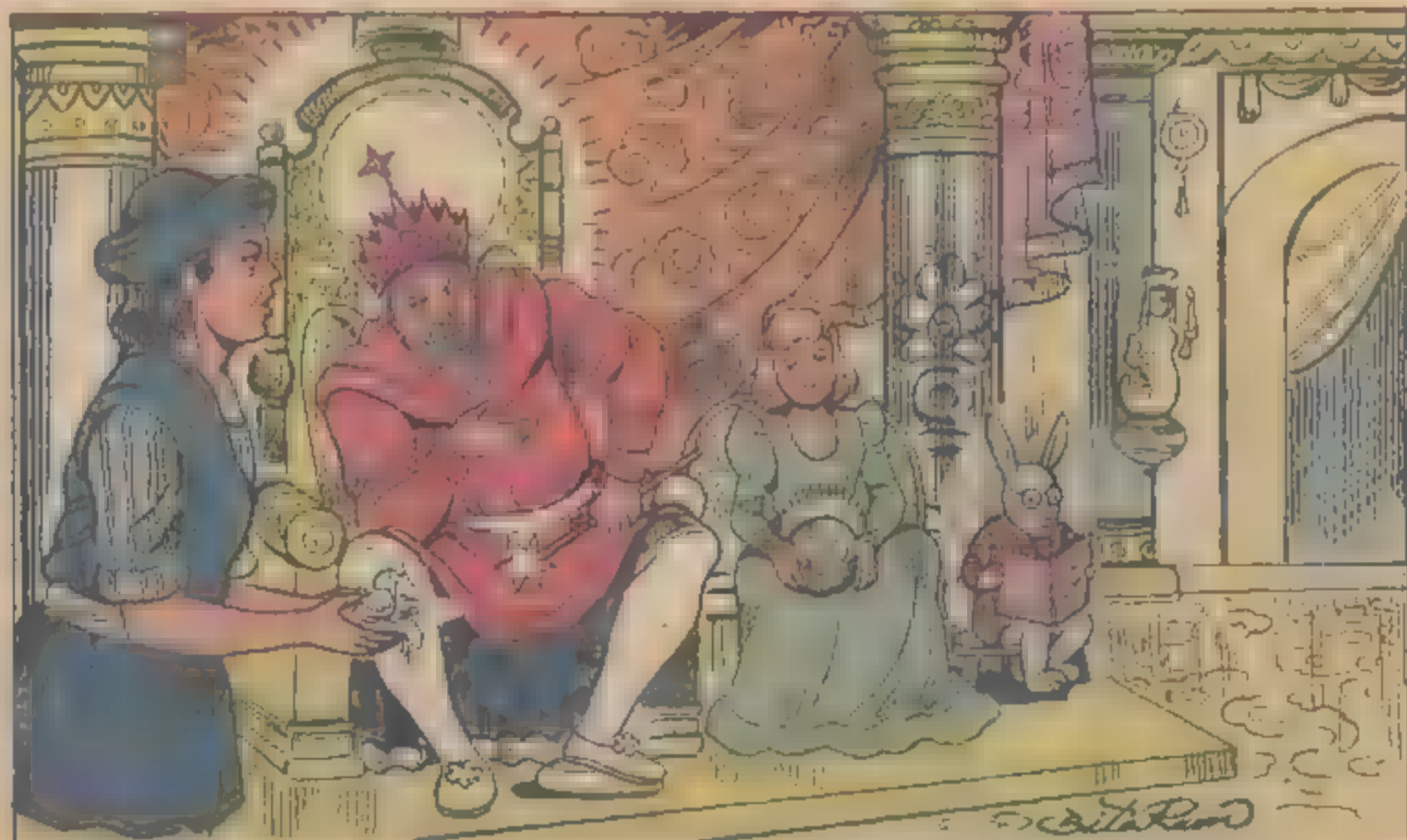
When the king saw the farmer

with the three gifts in his hands, his face turned gloomy. But unconcerned, Annie continued to play with the golden ball, laughing joyously.

"O Fairy King, accept these three presents from the humble farmer and return his dear daughter to him," said he in a polite tone bowing to His Majesty.

Little Annie stood up and looked in wonderment from the king to the farmer and from the farmer to the king. Then, suddenly, she ran into her father's arms.

The magic spell she was under had broken.



"Dear Annie," said the Fairy King, "we love you dearly. Won't you choose to stay with ■ in the Fairyland? Here you'll remain ever young and never know the sadness of the world of men. You'll be able to sleep and dream all day and revel in the night. Stay with us, little Annie!"

Annie looked intently at her father's eyes, thought of the loving embrace of her mother, her spaniel, the birds, the streams, the butterflies in the world outside and calmly replied, "O King, I choose the life of men, of grief, joy and struggle. For I'm sure to grow through them all into ■ much deeper, higher and more beautiful *myself*. Goodbye. O King! Goodbye my little winged friends!"

As soon as the farmer and Annie came out into the open air, lo and behold, instead of the

shimmering dress of beaten gold she found herself again in her striped nightgown, the one she wore when the fairies carried her away! The white rabbit suddenly appeared before them and it was no longer wearing its red coat.

"Due to ■ curse many many years ago, I was bound to live with the fairies. It was foretold that the day someone brings the three gifts to the king, the spell will be broken and I'll be free," said the rabbit.

Annie now had two darling pets, the spaniel and the rabbit. For the rabbit loved Annie and desired to stay on with her. As for the fairies—at night on her birthdays, the king and the queen never failed to visit her in her dream and bless her with their magic wands.

—Retold by Anup Kishore Das



WORLD OF NATURE



SUPER CLIMBER

THE BIG HORN SHEEP CAN CLIMB ALMOST SHEER CLIFFS BECAUSE THE BOTTOM OF ITS SHARP-EDGED HOOVES ARE CONCAVE WITH SOFT PADS AT THE CENTRE. THESE ENABLE THE ANIMAL TO GET A SUCTION-LIKE GRIP ON BARE ROCKS.

LEOPARD GECKO



THE LEOPARD GECKO'S FAT TAIL CONTAINS FOOD AND MOISTURE. WHEN THREATENED IT CAN DROP ITS TAIL, BUT QUICKLY GROWS ANOTHER.

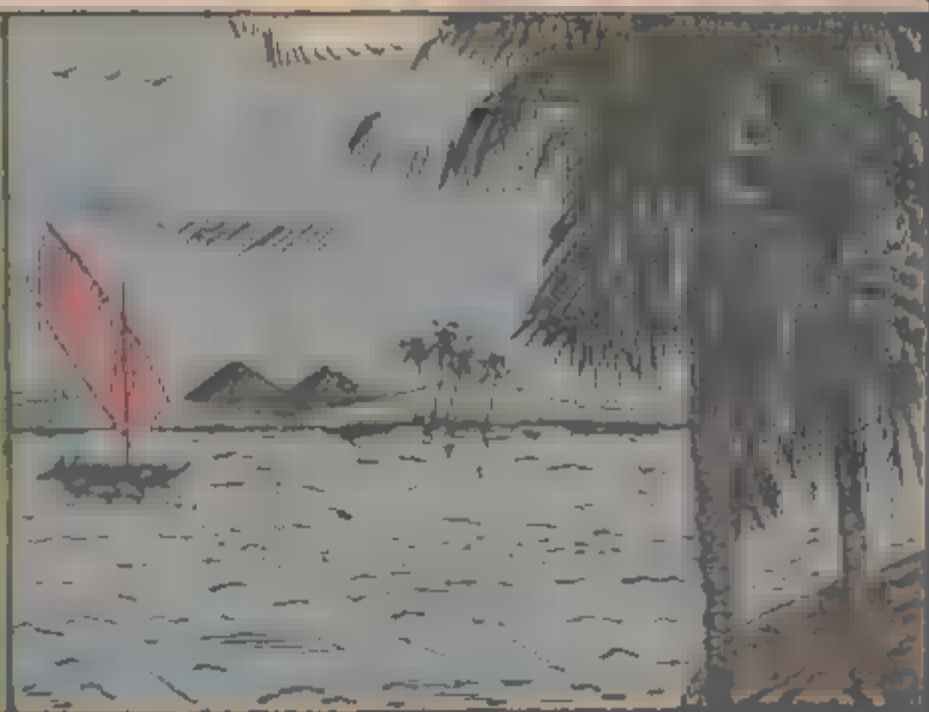
THE LARGEST KNOWN NATURAL PEARL IS THE 'PEARL OF LAOTZE', WHICH MEASURES 9.5 IN (241 MM) LONG BY 5.5 IN (140 MM) IN DIAMETER. IT WEIGHS 14 LB (6.37 KG) AND WAS FOUND INSIDE A GIANT CLAM IN 1936.



LARGEST PEARL

River under the Nile

IN 1958 WITH THE AID OF RADIO ISOTOPES A RIVER WAS DISCOVERED FLOWING UNDER THE NILE. ITS MEAN ANNUAL FLOW IS SIX TIMES THAT OF THE NILE!





VEER HANUMAN

6

(After befriending Sugriva, Rama shot an arrow at Vali, while Vali and Sugriva were locked in a wrestle. Vali fell.)

Vali, still alive, blinked at Sugriva and said in a faint voice :

“Sugriva, pardon my misconduct. It was not written in my destiny to rule the kingdom in peace and in cooperation with you. I had sealed my conscience. Now that I am going to die, I command you to the throne. My

parting request to you is to treat Angada as your son. He must not feel my loss. He was the pupil of my eye. He is a brave lad and will help you in everything. My wife, Tara, who is the daughter of the great hero Sushena, is extremely intelligent and wise. Seek her advice whenever you face a problem. The virtue of the neck-

WAITING FOR ACTION



lace which Indra had presented to me will remain in force even after my death. You should wear it."

Sugriva readily agreed to comply with Vali's wishes. He accepted the necklace too. Thereafter Vali called Angada to his side and advised him to look upon Sugriva as his guardian and to treat him with reverence. Vali further warned Angada against befriending Sugriva's enemies. He was to be cautious in choosing friends. At the same time he was not to lead a life devoid of true friends.

After imparting a few more

advices to Angada, Vali breathed his last.

The Vanaras wept bitterly. They sang the glories of their departed king who used to protect them from the attack of ferocious demons and other beings.

Tara sat near Vali's dead body and wailed. Nila took out the arrow from Vali's chest. Angada prostrated at his dead father's feet. Sugriva expressed his regrets before Tara and Angada and remained by their side.

Going over to Rama after a while, Sugriva said, "You kept your word and killed Vali and paved the way for my occupying the throne. But if Tara and the Vanaras would continue to weep like this, now can I be in peace? Vali, no doubt, had harassed me a lot. Hence I desired his death. But now I repent for it. I think it will be right for me to pass my days at Rushyamuk itself instead of proceeding to be crowned as the king. I do not hope to have peace even if I go to heaven. Vali's memory will haunt me. Why should I not die with Vali? So far as finding out Sita Devi is concerned, the Vanaras can accomplish that task even with-

out my guidance."

Tara too went to Rama and said, "Will you please kill ■■■ with the same arrow with which you killed my husband? I must go where he has gone. I cannot rest otherwise. Just as you are in anguish because of your separation from Sita, Vali would suffer without me even if he is in heaven. If you kill me, you will be free from the sin which you might have earned by killing Vali."

Rama told Tara, "You ■■■ the wife of ■ great hero. Such weakness does not befit you. Your son, Angada, will be the crown-prince. You will live as secure as you lived during Vali's time."

Then Rama turned towards the Vanaras and said, "Your wailing will do no good to the departed soul. Should you rather not turn to perform such rites which would benefit the hero's soul?"

Lakshmana reminded Sugriva that ■■■ impressive pyre must be lighted for Vali and that ■ huge quantity of sandalwood must be procured. "Prepare Angada to light the pyre. You are to rule Kiskindhya from today. How can you afford to sit and shed tears? Arrange for flowers, clothes, ghee, oil and incense. We also need a palanquin and bearers to transport Vali's dead





body," he said.

The Vanara leaders hastened to make the necessary arrangements. Sugriva and Angada carried Vali's body into the palanquin. Sugriva covered the body with flowers. The Vanaras lined on both sides of the road to rain flowers on the palanquin which was followed by a procession.

The pyre was prepared on the sandy bank of a rivulet. Rama himself supervised all the rites that went with the cremation.

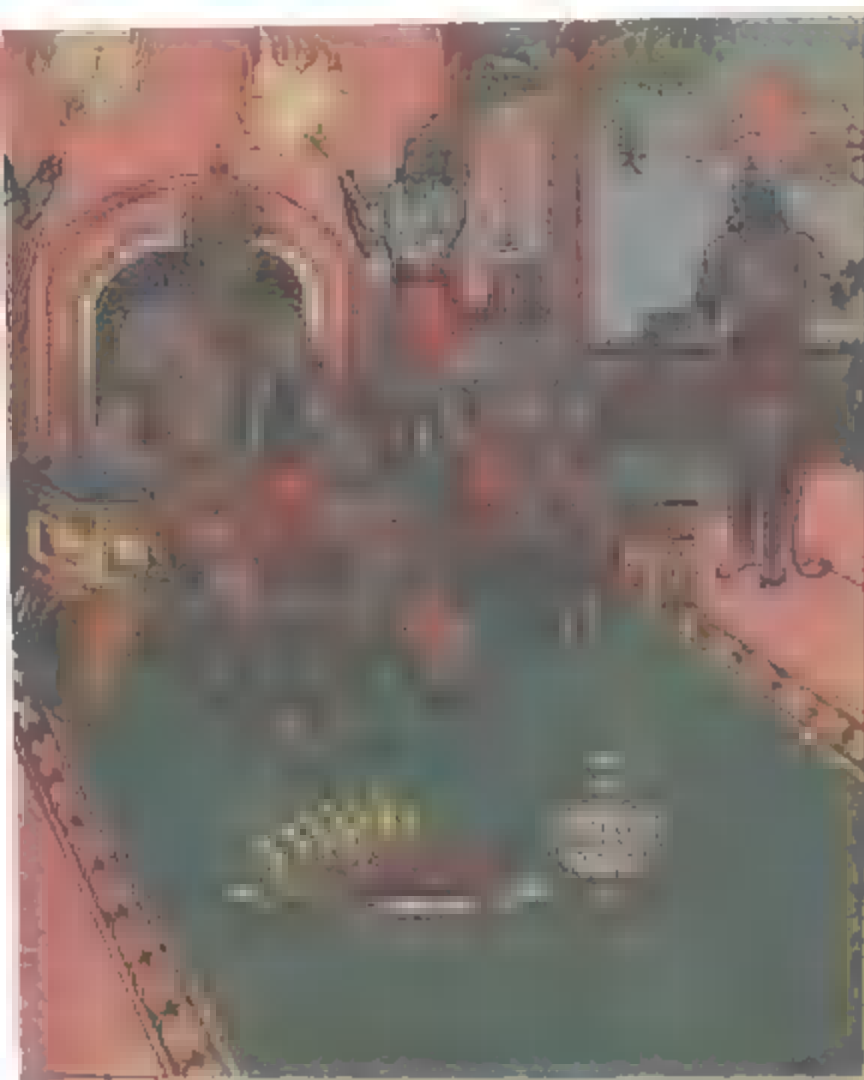
Sugriva bathed in the river and then approached Rama. All the Vanara leaders followed him.

Hanuman made this address to Rama : "O great soul! It is due to your grace that Sugriva has got the throne. If you permit, he can now proceed to Kiskindhya. Much has to be done for the coronation. Be pleased to come to Kiskindhya yourself. We will feel honoured if the ceremonies are performed in your presence."

"O Hanuman!" Rama replied, "I have to live in the forest for fourteen years if I am to keep the pledge with which I left my kingdom. I should not go to live in any town during this period. You all should lead Sugriva with due honour to Kiskindhya and crown him the king and make Angada the crown-prince. The monsoon is approaching. The coming four months would not be suitable for launching any expedition. Myself and Lakshmana would wait here. The caves here are comfortable. There is a beautiful lake nearby, abounding in lotuses. We must keep preparing for the battle to follow the monsoon."

Bearing Rama's words in mind, Sugriva entered Kiskindhya, accompanied by the Vanaras. The first thing he did after reaching the palace was to visit





Tara's apartment and console her.

Thereafter the Vanaras did all that was necessary for the coronation. Seated under a white umbrella studded with gold, upon a bejewelled throne, Sugriva was crowned while Brahmins performed the rites in front of a sacred fire according to the Vedic tradition. The Vanara leaders came forward and bowed to him accepting him as their new king.

Angada was duly declared the crown-prince by Sugriva. For this act of his, Sugriva was praised by all.

The ceremonies over, Sugriva hurried to meet Rama. Rama was pleased to hear everything. Sugriva then returned to Kiskindhya and lived happily.

The cave in which Rama and Lakshmana rested was situated on the Prasravana, a beautiful hill, flanked by a lake and a sweet river. The area was full of nature's splendours. As the place was not far from Kiskindhya, sometimes the sound of musical instruments and noise of festivities in the capital could be heard there.

But Rama was living a sad life. He anxiously looked forward to the end of the monsoon so that he could proceed to rescue Sita. Every now and then he looked up at the sky and looked towards Kiskindhya. The time seemed to be passing very slowly.

At last the monsoon was over. But there was no news from Sugriva. It appeared as if he had forgotten all about his promise, being engrossed in the luxuries of his position. In fact, Sugriva had left the administration to his ministers and passed his time merrily.

Sugriva's conduct pained Hanuman. One day he told

Sugriva, "I hope, you have not forgotten your promise to your friend and benefactor. Noble is the person who ignores his own comforts and works for the welfare of his friends. Now we must give priority to our mission to find out the whereabouts of Sita Devi. You should not allow any more time to lapse."

Hanuman's exhortation made Sugriva conscious of his commitment. He called Nila and asked him to collect the Vanara soldiers within a fortnight. Whoever did not report was to be punished.

Waiting for Sugriva on the hill, Rama told Lakshmana, "Sugriva had promised to meet us as soon as the monsoon was over. But where is he? Has he decided to ignore us? I hope, we won't have to try our strength on him! Go and tell him that we

can very well do without his help. I killed Vali alone. I am ready to go alone in search of Sita! Go and tell about our sentiments to him."

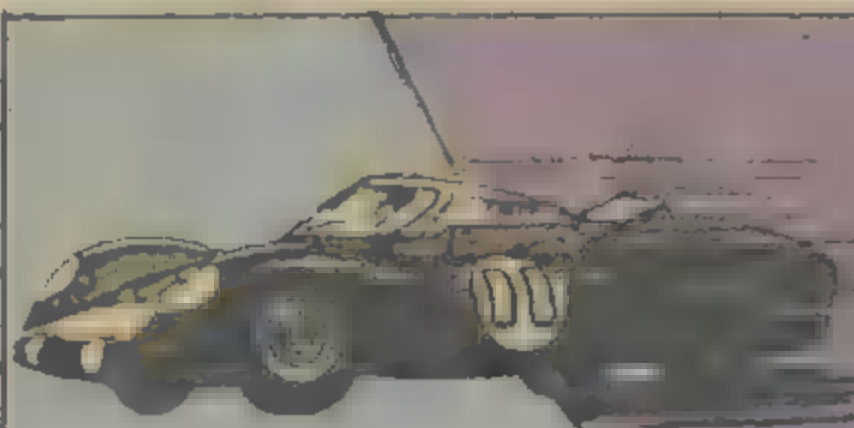
Lakshmana felt furious towards Sugriva. "Obviously he has forgotten how he won the crown. I will not allow him to enjoy the throne for long. I will go and kill him and launch a thorough search for my sister-in-law with the help of Angada," said Lakshmana as he was about to leave for Kiskindhya. But Rama stopped him and said, "Lakshmana! Do not be rude towards Sugriva. After all, he is our friend. He has not done anything wrong except delaying the proposed expedition. Be polite to him. He may realise his mistake and make up for the lapses with greater vigilance."

—To Continue



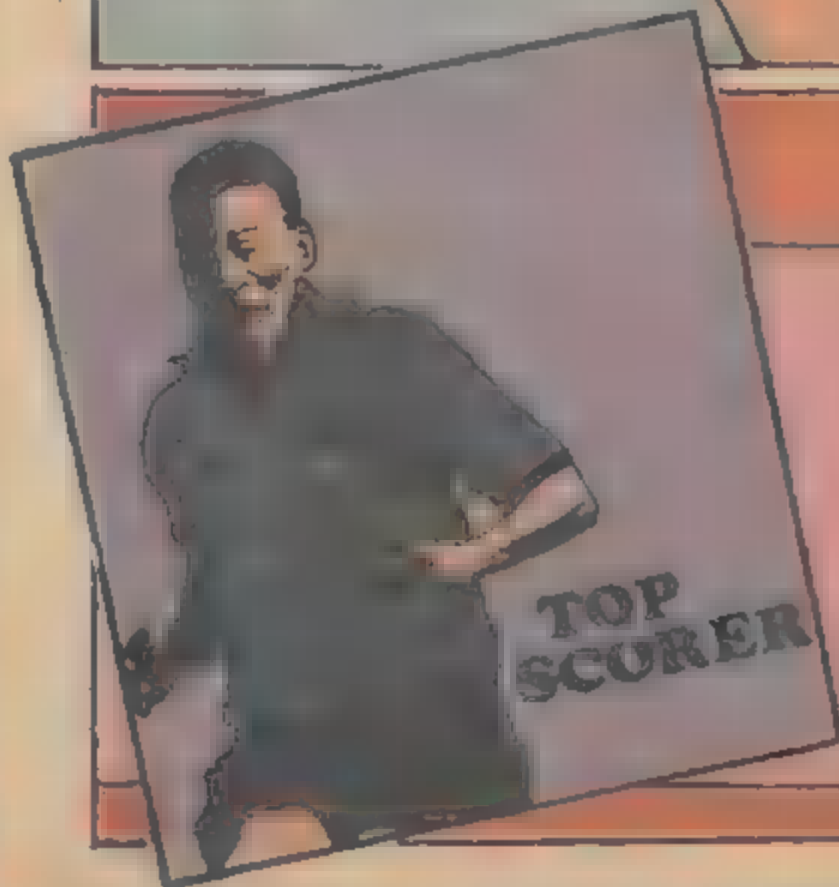
World Champ

RUSSIAN FREE-STYLE WRESTLER ALEK SANDR MEDVED HAS WON 8 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP TITLES, INCLUDING 3 OLYMPIC TITLES.

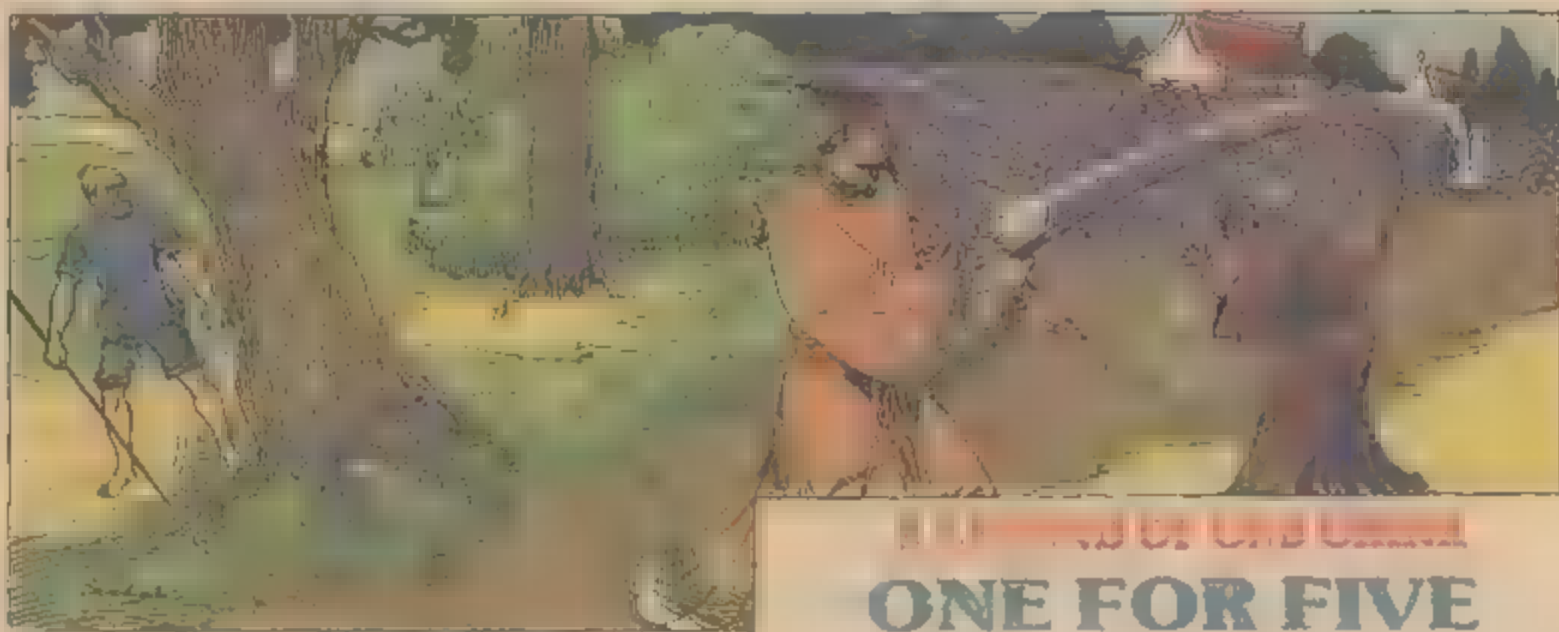


THE FIRST GAS-TURBINE-ENGINEED CAR TO RUN IN A CLASSIC ROAD RACE WAS A ROVER-BRM. DRIVEN BY GRAHAM HILL AND RICHIE GINTHER IN THE 1963 LE MANS 24 HOUR RACE.

JET CAR



BETWEEN 1956 AND 1974, EDSON ARANTES DO NASCIMENTO, BETTER KNOWN AS PELE, THE BRAZILIAN SOCCER STAR, SCORED 1,216 GOALS IN 1,254 GAMES.



ONE FOR FIVE

In northern China there is a village which bears an unusual name. If you translate it, it would be "One for Five".

Once there was a landlord in the village who was not only cruel and merciless, but also extremely mean. He got pleasure in torturing others—particularly those who were poor and helpless.

A villager named Bang was going to his fields when a shrill cry pierced his ears. "Have mercy on this old woman. Don't kill me! Look how I am bleeding!"

Bang ran in the direction from which the cry came. He saw an old lady being whipped by the landlord. The lady was held in affection by all and was known as Auntie Olan. It seemed she had

offended the landlord by not surrendering to him the whole of a bunch of bananas she had grown. She had kept some for her son and daughter-in-law who were coming from the town.

"Stop!" shouted Bang. The landlord stopped, but raised his whip on Bang. Bang gave the landlord a push and then planted a heavy blow on his chest. The landlord fell down and gasped for breath. In a little while he died.

Bang straight proceeded to the king and confessed to his deed, but said that he had no intention to kill the landlord. He was merely protecting Auntie Olan and himself. The one blow he had given was so spontaneous that he

could not have done otherwise.

The king heard him with patience, but said, "You have killed a man. He is ■ ordinary man either. He is ■ landlord. Law requires that you must be hanged."

Bang was put in gaol. A date was announced for his execution.

Men of Bang's village met the king and told him how good ■ man Bang had been and how bad a man the landlord had been. But the king did not relent. Bang had to die because he had caused death to another.

In those days there was only one way to get one free from the gallows and that was for someone else to take the convict's place. But it would not be enough if one came and simply declared his intention to take the convict's place. He had to argue and prove that he had every reason to do so.

That is why, hardly anybody came forward to die for someone else.

The day Bang was to be hanged, a little boy came running and bowed to the king and offered to be hanged in place of Bang.

The king was surprised. "What is your argument?" he asked.

"My lord, I am the eldest of the convict's four children. If you hang him, we four and our sick mother would die. There is nobody else to support us. If I die, the others would live. One for five is a sound proposal," said the little boy.

The king was so moved that he not only set Bang free, but also rewarded the boy with giving him scope for study and then employing him in his court. The boy became a learned minister.





Who Invented the clock?

—N. Krishna Kanth, Jabalpur.

It seems the first clock to run *mechanically* (different from sun-dials or similar devices to measure time) was invented in China, by a teacher of a royal family. He was Su Sung. It was a huge thing, run by a water-powered driving wheel, set up in the 11th century. We are left with only a diagram of it.

The forerunners of the clocks we see today came into being in the 14th century in Europe.

What is referred to as the Queen's Necklace of Bombay?

—Sujata Ghose, Calcutta.

The Marine Drive sea coast of Bombay looks like a necklace when viewed from an elevation, particularly the Malabar Hills. It is called the Queen's Necklace.

Which is the train in India which runs the longest distance?

—M. L. Srivastava, Pune.

The weekly Himsagar Express between Kanyakumari and Jammu. It covers 3726 Km.

What is heliotherapy?

—K. Thomas, Cochin.

It is a process of treatment by sun's-rays.

What is the area of the earth?

—K. Kishan Singh, New Delhi.

510,100,500 Sq. Km.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Natarajan



Anant Bhatt

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for January '91 goes to:—

M. Radhakrishna. Kini,
118, C/o. Manakkil Tourist Home, Near Shipyard Rly Gate,
Cochin - 682 015

The Winning Entry:— "MOTHER'S TREASURE" — "MUSICAL PLEASURE"

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Habits are at first cobwebs, then cables.

—*Spanish Proverb*

When your neighbour's house is afire your own property is at stake.


—*Horace*

There can be no rainbow without a cloud and a storm.

—*S.H. Vincent*



Ta dum, They is here



Oops!
Kiddy grammar
sure is catchy—Ya,
they are here.

Bow Wow 'n' Floppy the doggies
(wuff! wuff!), Jumbo the elephant, Wabbit
the rabbit, Teddy 'n' Sporty your bear bud-
dies, the mouse of your house—Squeeks,
not to mention Flipper the dolphin 'n'
Bunny with the Twins. They are all
part of the CUDDLES family. And
hang on—there's more
to come.



What stuffing to use,
what shape to give,
which colour to use.....
We've spent long
months in designing and
crafting the toys which can
take on the toughest torture
test ever—childhandling. To
ensure that they're safe.

The one thing we
didn't do while
making our toys
was fool around.

We left that
entirely for
your kid to do.
Come, check us out.

CUDDLES

CHANDAMAMA TOYS LTD.

In collaboration with Sanyo Corporation, S. Korea

Chandamama Buildings, 188, NSK Sal,
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026

MORE THAN A MANGO!



NATURO FROM NUTRINE. A THICK JUICY MANGO BAR.

MADE FROM PURE MANGO PULP.

SWEETER AND SO MUCH MORE THAN JUST A MANGO.

